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### LAZY GOVERNMENT.

NEITHER Legislature nor Ministry can long retain the confidence and sympathy of the country without reflecting in some degree the leading national characteristics. Of all the virtues of Englishmen, the most prominent is industry. We are a toiling, practical, persevering race. It is our habit to work ourselves, and we look for honest substantial work from those to whom we entrust the conduct of our public business. Any error will be forgiven more readily than the indolence which avoids error by doing nothing. A really hard-working Administration, backed by a practical Parliament, may offend strong prejudices, and provoke powerful interests, almost with impunity; while a Government of the most popular pretensions is certain to fall into disrepute if it shows itself deficient in the power or the will to embody its ideas in effective legislation.

When Lord MELBOURNE was compelled to give place to Sir ROBERT PEEL, his defeat was not caused by the unpopularity of the principles which he avowed, so much as by the feebleness and incapacity of his Administration. The opposite virtues made Sir ROBERT PEEL the most powerful man of his day, and enabled him to carry measures which, at the time when he proposed them, were violently opposed to the opinions and feelings of the most influential classes in the country. Whatever reform he undertook was certain to be carried. He never brought forward a measure until it had been thoroughly digested and perfected in every detail. He never shrank from a contest that he had provoked, nor ever neglected any precaution or effort to carry his policy to a successful issue. He always availed himself of all the strength, skill, and labour at his command; and when he had done his utmost, he was ready to stake the existence of his Ministry on the result. His resolute energy commanded the steady support of his party, and, after the first heat of controversy was over, the respect even of his political opponents. Until the same energetic temper shall again prevail, it will be in vain to hope for a strong or lasting Government. The prosperous termination of the war, and the able conduct of the Paris negotiations, have in some measure redeemed the unfruitfulness of the session in domestic legislation; but a Ministry cannot live for ever on the credit of a wise and honourable peace, and if Lord PALMERSTON desires to retain the large majority which has hitherto supported his Government, he will do well to remember the fate which inevitably awaits a lazy Administration.

It is remarkable that, in his reply to Mr. DISRAELI's very clumsy attack, the PREMIER laid but little stress on the only tenable ground of defence for the nearly universal abandonment of Government measures. He did, indeed, and with justice, boast of having brought a vast and important European transaction to a good and satisfactory settlement; and it is this piece of substantial work which has been accepted by the country as a sufficient compensation for other short-comings. But this excuse is only temporary; and the main object of Lord PALMERSTON's ingenious speech seems to have been to furnish a standing answer to all complaints of future failures, and to hold our representative system responsible for the ill success which may hereafter attend Ministerial attempts at legislation. We warn him beforehand, however, that, however plausible his account of the matter may be, and however well calculated to gratify the House of Commons, which is itself greatly to blame in the matter, the public never have been, and never will be, satisfied with a Government which does not produce, at the end of every session, some tangible evidence of successful work.

It was, of course, easy enough to prove that there were many difficulties in the way of comprehensive legislation. But they are difficulties which have been overcome by former Ministers, and which it is the chief duty of a popular

Administration to grapple with. Rightly or wrongly, people believe that both the Government and the House of Commons have, in the past Session, done less than they might have done in the work of legislation, and they expect and require more energetic action in the interval of peace which may now be hoped for. And surely there is some reason for the dissatisfaction which unquestionably exists, notwithstanding Lord PALMERSTON's refusal to admit it. Trace the progress of any one of the abortive attempts at legislation which the Government has made, and the failure will be found to be due to the carelessness, blundering, and apathy of its supporters, quite as much as to the obstruction of its opponents. The Appellate Jurisdiction Bill arose out of an ill-considered attempt to revolutionize the constitution of the House of Lords by a sort of *coup d'état*. Beaten upon that point, the Government adopted a measure which was really framed by the Opposition, and asked the House to assent to an arrangement which they themselves scarcely ventured to defend. This, at least, was a defeat for which they have only themselves to thank. The Ecclesiastical Courts Bill afforded another instance of the same lack of judgment and neglect of preparation. In its original shape, it had faults enough; but these were doubled by a clumsy compromise which disgusted the Ministerial party without conciliating the votes of the Opposition. The Shipping Dues Bill was so framed and introduced as to provoke the greatest possible amount of hostility. Sweeping principles were unnecessarily obtruded, which could not fail to alarm a body so sensitive on the subject of vested rights as the House of Commons has always been. As if to make defeat certain, the conduct of the measure was entrusted to a member of the Government who does not number among his gifts the art of conciliating the prejudices of his adversaries; and the instant that a struggle was threatened, the over-zealous champion was deserted, and compelled to withdraw the Bill. The Partnership Bill was scarcely more creditable to the Ministry. It was not, indeed, abandoned until after two adverse decisions, which deprived the scheme of all practical value. But even here the failure would probably not have been incurred if the measure had been put into proper shape before its introduction, and vigorously pressed through its different stages. In the early part of the Session, a large majority was prepared to accept the principle of the Bill, but it was so crudely framed that Mr. LOWE himself was compelled, first to introduce amendments which left nothing of the original clauses, and then to abandon the altered scheme, and substitute for it what was in fact a third Bill upon the subject. It is no wonder that such a course should have shaken the confidence of the House, and enabled the determined supporters of commercial monopoly to snatch a victory in the last days of an expiring Session.

While these and other measures were lost mainly from bad management and careless preparation, several Bills of almost equal importance were sacrificed to sheer indolence and indifference. There was no real difference of opinion about the importance of getting agricultural returns, and there was scarcely even a show of opposition to the measure; yet the Government thought fit to withdraw the Bill which they had introduced for the purpose, before it had been put to the test of a single division. The Bill for the punishment of frauds by trustees met a similar fate. Every one but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL knew perfectly well that, in the absence of any provision to the contrary, the effect of making fraud a criminal offence would be to entitle the offender to resist any examination in a civil suit, on the plea that his answers might criminate himself. The difficulty, however, was not very serious, as all that was necessary was to deprive the criminal of the privilege—at the

same time, of course, providing that any statement which might be extracted from him should not be used against him on his trial. With unpardonable negligence, the Bill was drawn without any such clause. After it had been, for a month or two, the standing joke of certain Equity judges, the omission was found out; but the session unluckily came to a close before the first law officer of the Crown could discover the very simple addition which would have made the Bill perfect. It is needless to enlarge upon the Divorce Bill, the two Poor Law Bills, the two Health Bills, the Civil Service Superannuation Bill, and the other Government abominations. The history of almost all of them may be given in a few words—careless preparation, languid support, and indolent abandonment.

The truth, no doubt, is, that the Government felt that the War and the Peace had supplied them with a stock of reputation sufficient to weather out the Session. It is impossible to find a trace of real earnestness in any of their proceedings. The PREMIER, though assiduous enough in his attendance at the House, left the legislative work to his subordinates, and never made one hearty attempt to carry a useful reform. The House saw that the Government was indifferent to the fate of its measures, and party discipline was soon lost, except when a challenge from the Opposition gathered the Ministerialists together, and showed that their strength would have sufficed to carry any measure which their leader had resolved to pass. Nothing could be further from the truth than Mr. DISRAELI's theory that the long list of failures was to be attributed to the fact that Lord PALMERSTON could not command a Parliamentary majority. The majority which has supported him has been as large as any Minister need desire. If he chooses to do the work of legislation, he has no reason to doubt the willingness of the House of Commons and the country to support him; but if he would retain his strength, he must use it, and give up, once for all, the indolent tactics which have been tolerated for one exceptional year, but which never can command the continued support of labour-loving England.

#### SPAIN.

THE early and easy success which now seems to await O'DONNELL is probably the least disadvantageous result which can follow from the recent occurrences in Spain. In the absence of civil war, or even of serious resistance, the Minister will have no motive, and the Court no excuse, for inviting the dangerous support of France; and when the temporary necessity of exclusive reliance on the army has passed away, it will be the evident interest of O'DONNELL to preserve constitutional forms as far as may be compatible with the maintenance of his own supremacy. The Royal favour, which aided in the overthrow of ESPARTERO, offers no security to his successful rival. Neither the QUEEN nor her husband will ever forgive the triumphant rebel who, in 1854, preferred even a democratic revolution to the continuance of the SARTORIUS Ministry. The control of the army, although it may confer irresistible power for the moment, is held by the most slippery of all tenures. The unscrupulous NARVAEZ, after crushing the Liberal party, became an exile as soon as he attempted to control the private pleasures of the QUEEN; and it would not be difficult to find officers ready on the first opportunity to repeat, for their own benefit, the movements to which the present Government owes its existence.

The victor of the moment can only hope to retain his position by an alliance with the less violent Moderados, united with the temperate Progresistas. The continuance of martial law will only promote the interests of Prætorian leaders less obnoxious to the Palace than the present Minister. O'DONNELL has shown himself not disinclined to prudent compromises. The compact with ESPARTERO lasted as long as the average of political systems in Spain, and it is still uncertain to what extent the disagreements which broke it up originated with the MINISTER OF WAR. The coalition, while it lasted, proved that the leaders of the army considered it not impossible to co-operate with the Liberals who formed the majority of the Cortes; and although, when the divergence of opinions became irreconcilable, the party which was best organized and most resolute asserted its own pretensions, a similar alliance may be renewed with a less antagonistic body of politicians. Military supremacy changes its character when it depends in any form on Parliamentary support, and a packed or servile majority is infinitely preferable to any

system which dispenses with representative Assemblies, instead of overawing or corrupting them.

ESPARTERO, like NICIAS and LAFAYETTE, has maintained a high position on the strength of his character for personal courage and integrity. Twice raised to the virtual sovereignty of his country, he has twice fallen from power by his own blunders and weakness. The respect which he has always commanded, notwithstanding the defects of his character, is honourable to himself and to the nation; but power belongs to those who know how to use it and to keep it. A principal mistake of his last administration consisted in his plan of summoning a constituent Cortes. No true statesman willingly throws the institutions of his country into a crucible in the hope that they may be re-cast in a better form. In Spain there were already liberal institutions in abundance, and a reformer had only to call them into practical life. The title of "Constituent" confers no additional attributes on a sovereign Assembly; but it encourages projectors to bring forward impracticable measures, and it excites vague and unreasonable expectations in the people. At a moment when good government was wanted, the omnipotent Minister proposed that, in the first place, a new governing machine should be constructed by general co-operation. The question whether the Monarchy should be maintained was inconsistently excepted from the universal discretion entrusted to the national representatives; and consequently, as the Crown was to be inviolable, all necessary changes might have been made by an ordinary Cortes. A general invitation to talk over constitutional systems offers undesirable facilities for unscrupulous men of action. It seems to be generally admitted that O'DONNELL is more selfish than his recent ally and rival; but it is highly probable that he is a man of greater ability; and the chief of a successful military revolution will probably be more than ordinarily opposed to the use of means which henceforward can only be used for his overthrow. He may prefer his own greatness to public liberty, but he will rather govern by the aid of representative bodies than depend on the caprice of the soldiery. The resistance of Saragossa is itself under the direction of a soldier, and it matters comparatively little under what names a contest is fought out, when it is to be decided by bayonets and artillery. If CHANGARNIER had put down LOUIS NAPOLEON in 1851, France would not the less have depended on the will of a military dictator. In Spain, with all its faults and follies, the prospects of liberty are fairer than they are among our neighbours.

Despots and the advocates of despotism derive a plausible argument from the unsatisfactory working of Spanish constitutions; yet even during the suspension of order and of regulated liberty, there is an inestimable advantage in the preservation of the forms of freedom. The strong attachment of the nation to the rights which it has won, but scarcely enjoyed, is proved by the necessity imposed on every successive Minister of affecting to govern with the sanction of the Cortes. The theory of representative government, modern as it is in Spain, is the oldest and most respectable part of the national system. Popular beliefs and dogmas tend to realize themselves. The French Kings claimed sovereignty over vassals more powerful than themselves for generations before they embodied their pretensions in the centralized monarchy of the seventeenth century. HENRY VIII. executed his wives, and plundered his clergy, with the unflinching assent and sanction of Parliament; but in the following century, the STUARTS found that the body which could approve the acts of the Crown was also sovereign to control them. The trials of the Popish Plot and of the Bloody Assizes were conducted with all the regular securities of juries, and counsel, and rules of evidence. OATES and JEFFREYS passed away, but trial by jury remains, as the House of Commons remained to represent the people when the TUDORS had ceased to dictate their proceedings.

Revolution and war must probably precede the establishment of constitutional liberty in Austria, but in Spain the most difficult part of the work has been already accomplished. The QUEEN holds her Crown by a Parliamentary title, and, in the frequent succession of wretched military revolts, the Cortes, sometimes strong and often powerless, is still the only constant element of political calculation. An honest King, supported by a capable Minister, could at once, without violence or innovation, elevate Spain to the rank of Sardinia or of Belgium. Even the army has not been uniformly opposed to the rights of the people. Over the greater part of the Continent, Courts and Ministers dispose absolutely of



a military force which exercises an irresistible compression on the people; but Spanish generals have not unfrequently supported the Cortes against the encroachments of the Crown. If civil war can be staved off for a few years longer, it is not improbable that the army may be reduced to its proper position of subordination to the constitutional authorities.

The triumph which has been obtained over the National Guard of Madrid and of other cities is not a subject for unmixed regret. Among all the French inventions of 1789, barren as they have generally proved of results favourable to freedom, no institution is more questionable than that of civic trained bands, who are supposed to exercise a political discretion. Frequently dangerous to order, they are powerless against popular riots; and while they are incapable of withstanding regular troops, they furnish an excuse for military interference. In the first French Revolution, the National Guard coerced and insulted the Royal Family, but it failed to control the rioters of the Faubourgs. Against its own intention, the National Guard of 1848 precipitated Louis PHILIPPE from the throne. Two months later, its battalions, to the number of 200,000, were reviewed in the Champs Elysées. Two months more, and only 10,000 of the number answered the summons of CAVAIGNAC, when he was mowing down with grape-shot, and crushing by masses of regular soldiers, another and more daring portion of the vaunted civic force. The National Guards of Spain have sometimes aided in successful mutinies, but they have never imposed respect on the army, or added weight to the Government. The proper function of a militia is to form a reserve to the line, and not to constitute an independent body in the State.

The only English interest involved in Spanish revolutions is that they should be so conducted as to afford no pretext for French interference. Our sympathies, however, may take a larger range. The general disposition to control a worthless occupant of the throne, instead of dethroning her, is no mean proof of the aptitude of Spain for freedom; and any ruler who will respect constitutional forms, and maintain the national independence, will find at least toleration in England.

#### BRITISH RANK AND FILE.

THE late war has supplied us with the means of forming a judgment on a subject respecting which a general and not very creditable ignorance prevailed until quite recently. For the first time we know something of the character and habits of the British private soldier. Everybody has something to say of the collective qualities of those strong battalions which advanced with identically the same steadiness at Salamanca and at the Alma, and resisted with identically the same tenacity at Waterloo and at Inkerman. Everybody accepts the "intelligent solidity" attributed to them by our allies, as exactly tallying with his own foregone opinion. But who, until the war was well-nigh over, had a single idea on which he could place the slightest reliance concerning the individual men who composed those invincible columns? Perhaps it was not a subject on which we cared to push inquiry very deeply. The Duke of WELLINGTON was our sole authority on military matters till his death, and the Duke entertained the lowest possible opinion of the levies out of which he created his Peninsular army, and took the least possible pains to conceal his views. Sir WILLIAM NAPIER, too, though more disposed than his great chief to do justice to the private soldier, dwells much more on his military than on his moral characteristics, and seems rather to offer splendid apologies for his defects than to doubt or deny their existence. We turn in vain, moreover, from the General and his historian to those humbler authorities who, from the nature of their subject, might be supposed to be under the necessity of throwing some little light on the manners and morals of the vast majority of the figures which fill their pictures. The thousand military novels which have appeared during the last twenty years give us absolutely no information about the rank and file. The Peninsular army, as they describe it, consisted exclusively of drunken doctors and rowdy subalterns; and we have not a word to tell us whether, or to what extent, the rude training of war modified the known characteristics of the English ploughmen and Irish cottiers who undoubtedly formed the raw material of our finest regiments. This ignorance has not always existed, nor did it extend to the sister profession. The conversations of Corporal TRIM and his master leave us

vivid impressions of the sort of men whom MARLBOROUGH led to victory, and the Duke of CUMBERLAND to disgrace; while a vast variety of writers have helped us to make acquaintance with the British sailor. Nobody has a moment's difficulty in figuring to himself the man-of-war's-man. His reckless courage, his unflagging good-humour, his childlike ignorance of the world, belong to the common-places of fiction and of the drama; and there are even Acts of Parliament which recite in their preamble the well-known description.

Some Papers have just been laid before Parliament, stating the grounds upon which a number of privates and non-commissioned officers have been recommended to the French Government for its military medal. Taken in connexion with the numerous private letters which found their way into newspapers in the early part of the war, they show us with tolerable distinctness the sort of men our soldiers are, when separated from the masses in which they are usually confounded. The character is not quite the same as that of the English sailor. The soldier seems to be less good-humoured, but more patient under actual suffering—less amorous of danger for its own sake, but capable of fronting even greater perils when a clear duty is before him—much more helpless when not guided and cared for, but at the same time more tenacious and persevering under the direction of his superiors. One great difference between the soldier and the sailor consists in the much stronger tie which appears to bind the former to his home. He is not the least of a cosmopolite, as is the man-of-war's man. He is always thinking of home—of what they are doing at home, of what they will say at home. The acts of heroism reported of him have a singularly uniform character. He seems to be dependent—we might almost say, servilely dependent—on his knowledge of his duty. When the service on which he is engaged is of such a nature that what is expected of him can only be vaguely and generally indicated, he is apt to fail, as in the two attacks on the Redan. But show him the exact object at which he is to aim, and he will force a road to it, though it be through the very valley of the shadow of death. Nor let it be supposed for a moment that he always requires a distinct order before he performs his prodigies of gallantry. Let him gain a clear conception of a duty, in whatever manner you please, and he will go through with it. The proofs of this are abundant in the Papers to which we have alluded. Lance-Corporal THOMAS HARRISON, in the midst of the carnage at Balaklava, gallops "to the rescue of several comrades who were fighting against overwhelming odds." Driver ROBERT SWEATON "jumps into the Belbec and saves the life of a drowning French soldier." Gunner M'ARDLE "creeps out of the trenches on his hands and knees, and manages to put Gunner GLASS (who was badly wounded in advancing to the Redan) on his back, and brings him back to the trenches." Bombadier DAVID JENKINS remained "in the Redoubt, on Canrobert's Hill, after the Turks had evacuated it, and though the Russians were advancing rapidly up the hill, he did not quit the place till he had spiked every gun." Over and over again, we read such entries as these, against particular names:—"never missed a trench-duty"—"always encouraged others by a peculiarly cheerful manner of performing his duty"—"performed his duty in the trenches always in a most soldierlike and cheerful manner." Perhaps, however, the most striking action commemorated in the Papers is one which is recorded on the first page. Sergeant SETH BOND, "ordered at Alma to pursue and capture prisoners, exhibited great subordination in sparing, at the suggestion of a staff-officer, a Russian who had wounded him." Here the suggestion, though it does not seem to have amounted to an order, came from without; but the great majority of the recommendations are founded on acts of gallantry or endurance which must have been self-suggested. Bravery and patience in obedience to orders appear to have been too common for special allusion.

Given, then, the one condition, that he can see and understand his duty, the English soldier will do it whether with or without special orders. We have heard a perfectly trustworthy story of the demeanour of a French and English colonel, when their regiments were repulsed, almost at the same moment, from the Great and Little Redan. "*Avancez donc, canaille*," shouted the Frenchman. "Now, then, my lads, this won't do," was the Englishman's exclamation. The one, it is clear, tried to sting the sense of honour by downright insult—the other threw himself on his men's consciousness

of their duty. There are few who would not prefer that their countrymen should be addressed in the latter form of appeal; but at the same time it must not be denied that, whatever be its moral grandeur, the English soldier's steady subservience to duty has its drawbacks. It renders him less able to deal with an unascertained hazard. It is apt to make him hesitating and perplexed when he encounters difficulties of a nature perfectly new to him. What seems to be wanting in his military character is something of the same readiness and shiftiness which make the English sailor unrivalled in those very descriptions of service in which it is impossible that each man's part should be known by him, or allotted to him, beforehand—in cutting out, for example, and in boarding an enemy. The truth seems to be that, even in military matters, the worship of duty may degenerate into idolatry. While it may unfit the men for some of the most essential undertakings of warfare, it may induce their superior officers to confine themselves to bare compliance with prescribed routine. The Report of the Chelsea Commissioners shows that a very dangerous and unworthy sense may be attached to the expression "doing one's duty."

#### LYNCH LAW.

THE hereditary attachment of Americans to constitutional forms is so predominant in the national character, that when they exceptionally resort to Lynch-law, there is always a presumption that they are in the right. The phrase has been misapplied to acts of irregular violence or of personal vengeance, and, in some instances, Abolitionists and political agitators may have been the victims of an abnormal popular jurisdiction; but in general, Lynch-law is the vindication of justice and order against some intolerable abuse. The constitution of the United States is calculated for freemen who are willing to co-operate in its administration, and to submit to its restraints; but when republican forms are applied by criminals to the promotion of their own fraudulent purposes, the doctrine of the paramount sovereignty of the people supplies a corrective to the inefficacy of the established system. It is only in new States or Territories, and in the midst of an unsettled society, that Judge Lynch is called upon to intervene. The Roman Senate, in great emergencies, required the Consuls to name a Dictator, and the pioneers of the Union, when their laws come to a dead lock, invest themselves with dictatorial power. Committees of Vigilance generally represent the most respectable classes of the community, and they employ their energies in the suppression of vagabonds, gamblers, and assassins. Their irresistible authority is for the most part exercised with singular moderation, and they always display a remarkable predilection for legal forms, so far as these are consistent with their necessary operations. No ruffian is ever hung out of the first-floor window of a committee-room, until he has been fully heard in his defence, and convicted to the satisfaction of all impartial bystanders.

The late revival of Lynch-law in California seems to have been highly just and necessary. The peculiar circumstances of the State have led to the collection of one of the most disreputable populations to be found on the surface of the earth. The industrious miners of the mountains, the farmers of the lowlands, and even the regular traders of San Francisco itself, have comparatively little leisure for politics; and consequently, a constitution intended for a community of honest citizens has been administered and appropriated by thimblemen, blacklegs, convicts, and bravos. A constituency of criminals has returned members to Congress, and it is not surprising, therefore, that a Californian representative should have murdered a waiter in a tavern at Washington. The same class has nominated judges, sheriffs, and constables; and the result is shown by a list of five hundred homicides within a few months giving rise to five prosecutions. The United States Marshal, nominated by the congenial authority of Mr. PIERCE, was a notorious keeper of a gambling-house, and an associate of rowdies and assassins. The monopolists of patronage seem, however, to have appointed a respectable Governor, trusting to his indolence and weakness for impunity to themselves.

The stream of power was turned off as near as possible to the fountain-head. The managers of the ballot-box can dispose, at their pleasure, of universal suffrage, and the predatory interest of San Francisco had contrived to obtain undisputed possession of the organ of sovereignty. The phrase of *ballot-stuffing* has already been incorporated in the

Californian vernacular. The instrument itself—"the celebrated double-back-action patent ballot-box"—was recently exhibited to a crowded public meeting. Competent persons explained the mysteries of the box, by drawing the slides and exhibiting the tickets. "This," said the President of the Committee of Vigilance, "is a powerful machine—it will elevate the meanest vagabond in the country to the highest office in the State. It ought to be sent to Washington, and deposited in the archives of the Union." It is not surprising that the people should have felt some indignation on discovering the springs and wires by which the priests of their Constitution had made their idol wink, and nod, and consume the offerings of the faithful. It had long been known that the dragon was greedy and rapacious—the favours of the gods were reserved for the most unrighteous of mankind—but the community acquiesced in the mysterious dispensation until the hierarchy of rowdies exceeded the limits of patience. Although Mr. CASEY had been appointed to a responsible office, by universal suffrage, against the nearly unanimous wish of the constituency, it was not until he thought proper to shoot a respectable citizen in the open street that the discontent of the people broke out into open resistance.

The subsequent inquiries of the Committee have shown the liberal scale on which votes were manufactured. The real government of the Republic seems to have been vested in the hands of three or four desperadoes, all rejoicing in names redolent of the hulks. "LIVERPOOL JACK, BILLY MULLIGAN, and NED M'GOWAN" returned fifteen hundred votes from a district which actually contained just three hundred voters; and in a part of the same district, they reported five hundred votes as having been polled, when there were only thirty voters. When the farmers of the neighbourhood were asked why they allowed such villany to be practised, they replied—"We can't help ourselves; if we try to hinder your San Franciscan rogues from doing as they like, they will shoot our cattle, burn our houses, and, it may be, murder us." "Our citizens," says a local journal, "had tried for years and years to disabuse the minds of the people of the interior of the wrong impression that they were inimical to the mountains (*i. e.*, to the miners). The reply was, 'Why don't you prove it on election days?—why elect such men to office?' The patent ballot-box used by NED M'GOWAN, PALMER, COOK, and Co., and other equally notorious characters, has solved the mystery. The law-abiding citizens of this place in vain endeavoured to correct the evil through the ballot-box, the only peaceable means in their power; but they were always counted out. Murder and other heinous crimes were committed with impunity. Conviction seemed impossible, as long as murderers, thieves, and gamblers held possession of the majority of the offices, and had their friends on the bench and elsewhere by legal technicalities to cheat justice. It had become a notorious fact that no one directly or indirectly connected with this secret band could be convicted for any crime, no matter how great."

Happily, the worst abuses of a free country admit of correction by a natural process. California may have suffered under a misgovernment as atrocious as that which prevails at Naples; but the sovereign power resided, not in a low-minded despot, but in the uncorrupted majority of the people. Within two or three hours from the murder of KING, the Committee of Vigilance was strong enough to remove the assassin from the prison in which he thought himself safe; and after a day or two, CASEY and CORA were deliberately and rightfully hanged, in defiance of the authorities nominated by the ballot-stuffers. The representatives of order as opposed to law were at once able to enrol a force of five or six thousand men, regularly armed, and provided with several field-pieces. The officer in command of the Federal troops prudently declined to interfere, and the Governor found himself opportunely powerless. Down to the latest accounts, only two executions had taken place, but about five-and-twenty notorious culprits had taken flight or been sent into compulsory banishment. The names of the delinquents go far to justify the existence of the Know-Nothing party. CASEY and YANKEE SULLIVAN, BILLY MULLIGAN and WOOLLY KEARNEY, BILL CARR, MARTIN GALLAGHER, and JIM BURKE "*alias* ACTIVITY, who ran away," would have excited American sympathies if they had been yelling, a dozen years ago, at the heels of O'CONNELL, against Saxon tyranny. "ACTIVITY, who ran away," may not improbably have performed a similar feat after taking a shot from behind a hedge in Ireland at some alien oppressor. In their own country, however, the citizens of the Union desire less active



patriots. Vote by ballot, or any other political contrivance, will in the long run succeed in the hands of men who are determined to attain the end, as well as to use the means, of freedom and good government.

It has often been said that revenge is a kind of wild justice; and conversely it follows, that justice is properly an organized and regulated vengeance. Lynch-law is the butt-end which knocks down the wrongdoer when the pistol of justice has missed fire. Judges, juries, and policemen are instruments for avenging society upon those who plunder and oppress it. As long as they approximately discharge the duty for which they are appointed, the evil of interrupting or deranging the machinery of law far outweighs the inconvenience involved in the occasional escape of a delinquent; but when the Bench systematically connives at fraud and murder, it is time for the community to resume its delegated powers. That instinctive reverence for law which characterises the English race is happily vigorous in the American branch of the nation. Committees of Vigilance in Lyons or Barcelona would at once begin to redress political grievances, and to banish or persecute political opponents; but Judge Lynch, though his name indicates an Irish origin, proceeds on English principles, and confines his operations to the suppression of vulgar crimes, such as gambling, theft, and murder. Not less characteristically national is the undignified language in which local sympathisers record the acts of justice which have been accomplished. The involuntary exiles are described as persons "who have received the kind permission of the Committee to spread their coat-tails to the breeze." Some gentlemen who have "slovenated to Sacramento" are informed that "it will be an extremely unhealthy operation for them to venture in this vicinity again soon." The young society of California may probably have further processes of purification to undergo; but each fermentation will leave the residue clearer, and diminish the necessity of similar operations in future.

#### MONETARY SCHEMES.

THE *Times* not long since gave a list of the many new schemes and joint-stock companies which have lately been admitted to the Stock Exchange. Our contemporary's intention, of course, was to warn the public against unreasonable speculation, and his advice was well timed. Money was long much dearer than it now is, and whenever money becomes very cheap, experience teaches us to expect that it will be misspent. John Bull, as it has been wisely observed, can stand a good deal, but he cannot stand two per cent. The particular form of mania differs in various years; but when the common and tried employments of money yield but a low profit, recourse will be had to new and untried ones, some of which will be unprofitable, and a few of which will be absurd. It is only at the outset of such manias that warning is of the least use—when they attain a certain growth, advice is thrown away. Everybody is seen speculating; and what every one does must be judicious. Foolish person No. II. imitates foolish person No. I. It was so with the railway mania in 1845—it was so with the general mania of 1825. The daily publication of new joint-stock schemes was so conspicuous in those years that old men of business, who remember the terrible results, have been deeply impressed by the warning of the *Times*. No one can be more in favour of pecuniary caution than ourselves. No one can hold more strongly that this is the time for sound advice. People still have their money, and this is the time for telling them to be content with moderate returns from investments they understand, instead of expecting large profits from undertakings they cannot understand. Some reasons may, however, be offered for the origination of new companies at this moment; and while we wish to see judicious watchfulness, we have a dread of nervous apprehension. If we begin with misplaced timidity, we shall probably end in unreasonable rashness.

In the first place, there is the Limited Liability Act. The object of this Act is to give new facilities for the foundation of joint-stock companies. "There is," says Lord BROUGHAM, "no more constitutional expression than the wisdom of Parliament;" and that wisdom has decided that persons desirous of embarking their capital in a commercial undertaking shall be liable to the whole extent of their fortunes, unless they combine with a certain number of others, and go through a considerable number

of legal ceremonies incident to that combination. The Legislature has not allowed persons to lend their capital to their personal friends on the venture, so to speak, of a commercial undertaking, and with a view of sharing in its profits—it has enacted that those who desire to embark their capital in commerce shall combine with many strangers, or be liable to the extreme penalty of losing all they possess. The effect of such legislation is obviously a bounty on the creation of joint-stock companies. If you will not allow those who would gladly lend their money to their friends, to lend it without an overwhelming risk, you must not complain that they avail themselves of the remedy which your legislation affords them, and that they associate with many unknown people to do that which you forbid them to do in conjunction with a few well-known people. The necessary consequence of passing the Bill which Parliament has passed, and rejecting that which it has rejected, is the advertisement of useless companies with admirable names.

Again, there is the more legitimate effect of recent legislation. A great many undertakings really require large aggregations of capital, and in unknown spheres of action it is necessary to protect these by a limitation of the liability of each capitalist. Before the passing of the late Act, this required the consent of a Government department or of Parliament. We have often thought that it was a great advantage to railway companies that, in consequence of their requiring peculiar powers and privileges, they had an excuse for coming to Parliament and obtaining, as a secondary accessory privilege, a limited responsibility for their shareholders. Mere greatness of scale might have sufficed to procure this concession for the large lines, and the novelty of the undertaking would have been an excuse for granting it to the first applicants. But successive Presidents of the Board of Trade would have been much puzzled to find a good excuse for granting a privilege unknown to our common law to subsidiary companies which undertook nothing rash and nothing new—which professed only to convey the people of small districts short distances—but which, from their number and their dispersion over the kingdom, have perhaps done even more than the great lines to promote cheap travelling and continuous civilization. This legislative anomaly has, however, at last been removed. The formation of joint-stock companies, the liability of which is confined to the capital subscribed, is now open to the choice of the public without the leave of *bureau* or Parliament. The natural and intended consequence is the formation of many new schemes, some good, some bad—some for the benefit of all men, some for the benefit of solicitors—which now seem huddled together, and which can only be gradually divided by trial and experience. Older men of business scarcely, perhaps, advert to the consequences of the new legislation. Doubtless many of the schemes are pompous and foolish. We have not a word to say for the "Cosmopolitan Coal Association," or the "Dying Man's Life Insurance Company;" but setting aside enterprises such as these, it is probable that, if the Limited Liability Act be not an entire error, a fair proportion of the new schemes are based on rational prospects and legitimate commercial calculation.

There are also causes why the whole of these schemes are brought out together, instead of being, as might have been better, distributed over a longer time. This requires a little explanation. Some time since we ventured to give the odd name of *blind* capital to that portion of the savings of the country which belongs to persons like country clergymen, squires, and ladies, who, from ignorance of the business world, are not commonly able to employ them commercially. This spare capital, as every one knows, is generally invested in Government securities, or left on deposit with bankers and other monetary persons, who give interest for it, and lend it again at a higher interest elsewhere. The latter are, as it were, the middlemen by whom the accumulations of passive hoarders are distributed through the hands of active people of business. If we were to divide capital into classes, we should say that it was blind capital in the hands of the hoarders who cannot employ it, loanable capital in those of bankers, and intelligent capital when at the disposal of intelligent men of industry.

One of the ablest observers of our monetary phenomena lately remarked in the *Economist* newspaper that there never had been a time when the difference in the rates of interest, as indicated by the price of consols compared with the charge made by discounters on the discount of bills, had

been so great as during the last year. This means that the income which quiet saving persons can make of their money has been unusually different from the charge which active men of business have been forced to pay for the use of it. The reason is plain—a new employer of capital came into the market. The Government was compelled by the enormous expenses of the late war to withdraw many millions from the loan-markets of the world. In the end, the effect of this would have reached the first hoarder of money. If the war had gone on, the rate at which Government would have been obliged to borrow would not have been that indicated by consols at 90, when the Bank minimum rate was six per cent. It would have been more like the proportion of the old French war, when, according to Mr. NEWMARCH, money in the pockets of ordinary people was worth to them fully six per cent.

The lowness of profit derivable from their capital by persons not in trade was the great incentive to the very considerable number of joint-stock associations which were forced into notice before the conclusion of the war. Those associations were intended to meet the wants of quiet persons who could make little of their money, and who desired to make more. The slight progress in actual business operations made by such companies was owing to the other feature of the period—the unusual rate charged by lenders and discounters to persons in trade. For the actual conduct of commercial operations, a certainty of being able to borrow upon occasion is a necessity, and as much so to joint-stock companies as others. The *Crédit Mobilier* of the Parisians has this for its avowed object—one of the conditions of its charter was its affording to "*sociétés anonymes*" the same accommodation that existing banks were giving to private traders. In extensive transactions, scarcely any amount of individual means will prevent the necessity of sometimes borrowing—perhaps no individual means would enable the most cautious trader to transact business if he knew that borrowing was impossible. The high rate charged by the discount houses, the expectation that the rate might go higher, and the fear that, if the war continued, it might be impossible to procure accommodation at any price, inevitably kept many projected companies from commencing operations and engaging in real business. Their shares might be quoted in the market, but the issue of scrip is a cheap and innocuous operation. It is the contact with substantial work that is dangerously expensive. When wages come to be paid, when bills become due, when materials have to be paid for—when ready money, in a word, is required—the difficulty of a time when cash is scarce begins to be felt, and the credit of even the best houses may be found wanting. This difficulty doubtless prevented the starting of many companies during the last months of the war, and its removal has caused an accumulation of them during the first months of the peace.

On the whole, therefore, though admitting the apparently absurd nature of many companies which have been brought forward—though maintaining that the moment when money begins to be cheap is the exact period when watchfulness is useful, and when warning may not be thrown away—we nevertheless think that there are special reasons for the formation of many companies just now, and that, though there is every ground for cautious vigilance, there is none for anxious apprehension or immediate alarm.

#### BREACH OF PROMISE AND MARRIAGE MORALS.

THERE is one aspect of our social state which those concerned with the moral and religious education of the country are, as far as we can see, literally afraid to face, or even to acknowledge. We allude to the moral condition of the female population in rural districts. The test often adopted by social inquirers as to the morality of a country is the proportion of legitimate to illegitimate children. These statistics, however, prove nothing. They are of about the same value as the returns of criminal trials and commitments, which are, of course, evidence rather of the vigilance of the police than of the actual amount of crime. According to Mr. LAING, and similar but lower authorities, Prussia and Sweden stand low in the moral scale, on account of their vast per-centage of "love-children." But perhaps we had better not indulge in self-complacency—at least till our clergy are prepared with tables showing at one glance, as the advertisements say, the average time which, in country villages, blesses a marriage with offspring. This is the plague-spot of the English social state. It is seldom alluded to—

it scarcely comes before the public. It is, we suppose, occasionally discussed at private "clerical meetings," and other such unostentatious and often unproductive assemblies; but in the world of charity, with all its competing schemes of Societies to encourage every imaginable virtue, the facts of village and rustic life seldom appear. We hear of no missionaries in this direction; and yet the evil is one which the most philanthropic of statesmen would do well to ponder over. Upon other, and lower, than religious grounds, female chastity is an object worthy of the attention of the social philosopher. So long as the action for seduction, however euphemistically veiled, survives in the English Courts of Law—and its desirableness is at least doubtful—legal reformers are bound to attend to the statistics of village morality more closely than they are at present prepared to do. It is unhappily the fact that ante-nuptial unchastity is rather the rule in country districts than the exception—it is the recognised order of society for young people not to marry until it is necessary. Marriage legitimates offspring who would otherwise be bastards, and blots out every scandal. The existence of such a state of things as a social rule is not only a novelty, but a serious one. Moreover, the evil is, so far as we can hear, a growing one. When the clergy and local regenerators are not only powerless, but affect to be ignorant of the fact, it would be vain to discuss remedies; but we may offer a few thoughts on this and other phases of the social condition of England, which, through our familiarity with them, strike us with less surprise than they do observant bystanders.

Scarcely an assize passes without a whole crop of cases of "a certain character"—of which, taking the sort of test proposed on the desirableness of public executions, we must say that they go far to condemn the propriety of retaining some peculiarities of our legal system. Public hanging, we are told, does not deter men from committing gallows-worthy crimes; and the action for seduction hardly seems to be a safeguard against female frailty. If, as is too frequent among the lowest classes, a girl sacrifices her person as the best chance for a husband, the wonder is that, with the double barrels of an action for breach of promise of marriage and for seduction, any young woman in those ranks which usually produce plaintiffs in these suits fails in the matrimonial line. If these actions are checks on the one side, they are very often stimulants on the other. Baron MARTIN is reported as having laid down a very comprehensive doctrine on the subject:—"Even if a man chooses to promise a prostitute to marry her, knowing what she is, he is bound to pay damages if he breaks that promise." Consequently, a young farmer, for declining to fulfil some foolish promise to marry his mother's servant—a girl whom he used to meet in company with her sister, an avowed "gay lady," dancing and drinking every night at a pothouse—is called upon to pay 50*l.*, on the decision of an Exeter jury. In the same newspaper which reports this case, we find that a girl of fifteen, an innkeeper's daughter at Sunderland—seduced under promise of marriage—gets only 25*l.* damages; while a farmer at Derby under similar circumstances—where, however, the whole affair took a very business-like form, and illustrates what we have said about the social state of England—is made to pay 75*l.* In this latter case, the girl, who is always her own witness—the defence not permitting the defendant's testimony—deposed "that when defendant first made improper overtures to her, she stated that she should be a foolish girl to let him do as he pleased with her; and that he replied that both his sisters had allowed it before they were married, and that they were all right now. Yielding to these persuasions, she consented." It appeared that she precisely followed the example of her own, as well as of her suitor's sisters; and it is added that this immorality is "the custom of the country." Wales has a peculiar moral custom, called "bundling;" but it is no novelty on this side the Wrekin. We so far differ from the gentlemen who lay themselves out for these cases, as to be of opinion that the "yielding" to such "persuasions" ought to be a bar to the action for seduction. In such a case—and it is typical—the word "seduction" has literally no meaning. Both parties admitted and recognised a principle; and neither is entitled to be regarded by the law as having been wronged by the other. At the Norfolk Assizes, one case of seduction follows another. In one instance—that of a farmer and a farmer's daughter again—the jury give the plaintiff 100*l.*, because "a still-born child aggravated the offence;" while in the next, in which there was no child, and in which no defence was offered, 150*l.* damages makes us suspect that the girl's virtue was the aggravation.



Now where is the principle in all this? As to seduction, we believe that, strictly speaking, it is a very rare thing. For two young people to lose all moral restraint, and to be equally culpable, is only too common; but there is no seduction in such cases. Or the seduction may be on the side of the woman. "The woman has tempted" others than the father of mankind. But without seeking to apportion the guilt, we think that the weaker vessel might attain more moral strength, and farmers' daughters might receive a useful lesson, if, under such circumstances as those detailed at Derby, an unsuccessful action reminded them that they must look to other than legal safeguards of their honour; and they might shortly discover that the safest way to win a husband was not by speculating upon the chances of "its being all right some day." It is undeniable that the Poor-Law Reform, which lessened the chances of a successful affiliation, was a gain to the general cause of female morality; and as the present state of things has not been successful in its operation on those classes of society which seem to have a monopoly of these actions, it is worth considering whether a change in our law of Seduction and Breach of Promise might not be beneficially attempted. "Let well alone" will not do as an argument against this suggestion; for female morality is, among certain sections of the community, at a deplorably low ebb. These actions, with the evidence, and details, and correspondence, are a public nuisance; and there is no corresponding gain. They neither make men honourable nor women virtuous—they insult decency and mock chastity—and, in too many instances, they invite the evil which they are intended by the law to prevent.

*\*\* In our article of last Saturday, entitled "The Dance of Death," we stated, on the authority of statements made at the recent trial of SHARP v. MACAULAY, that the late Mr. SHARP affixed the term "Lunatic" to Mr. MACAULAY's name in the list of Hampshire freeholders. Mr. RISON D. SHARP, the son of that gentleman, assures us that there was no proof given at the trial that any such paper as the list referred to ever existed, and that subsequent inquiries have shown that it never did exist. He also informs us that he did not draw Mr. MACAULAY's will, but merely altered it in pursuance of written instructions from the testator.*

#### THE GOVERNMENT OF ART AND SCIENCE *versus* THE ART AND SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

**B**OTH in Parliament and out of it, our legislators lose no opportunity of proclaiming their profound admiration for art and science, and their conviction of the great importance of the former to the cause of civilization, and of the latter to the commercial and intellectual interests of this country. At St. Stephens, on the hustings, at dinners, at meetings of literary and scientific societies, and, indeed, on every public occasion, nothing is so sure to bring down those cheers which fan the fire of oratory as the exposition of brilliant and Utopian visions of a golden age, presided over by artists and philosophers. Have we not created "departments" to train up the rising generation, with secretaries and professors whose preaching is as liberal as their practice is the reverse? And have not the Government saddled upon their own shoulders a high-pressure system of dogmatic education in "true principles?" Hence it will probably be inferred that the State must set great value upon those accomplishments which it takes such pains to teach. Surely it must profoundly appreciate the fruits, when it affects so much care, so much enthusiasm, and so much energy—always, however, developed with as little outlay as possible—in nursing the tree which bears them. It may be presumed that Government must honour, employ, and liberally reward those whose genius, ripened by arduous study, has fitted them to bring to bear upon every passing occasion the knowledge and taste of which the State may desire to avail itself. Let us see how our rulers have answered these very reasonable expectations upon a few recent opportunities.

To begin with the subject of Art. We are cognizant only of one monument recently erected under Government auspices which can be deemed worthy of the present wealth and greatness of this kingdom, in technical excellence, congruity of style, solidity of construction, and liberal distribution on plan. We claim at present no higher merits than these for the Houses of Parliament; but the fact of his having wrong such results from an impatient and ever intractable set of authorities, is, we conceive, quite sufficient to establish Sir Charles Barry's claim to at least fair pay and liberal treatment. The scandal of the Treasury's higgling and haggling on this subject is too recent to require more from us than a bare allusion to the published correspondence, which is sufficient to rouse indignation against the utter incompetency "my Lords" have shown to appreciate and reward talents which have earned for their possessor the suf-

frages of all Europe, and especially in Paris last year—the highest international tribute attainable through professional ability.

It is but a few weeks since a Minister of the Crown declared officially that our only chance of obtaining public buildings of grandeur and beauty was to invite the artistic aid of foreign ability; and, for our own part, we shall be glad to see so liberal a course adopted. But even as regards his own countrymen, surely his appreciation of them is on a par with that of Sir Charles Barry by "my Lords." He must either be very ill-informed or very oblivious thus to ignore the circumstances of all the great international competitions of late years. Who gained the two Hamburg prizes? Who swept all before them at Lille, at the very moment preceding this notable discovery of the remedy for national shortcomings in matters of taste? What did the country gain from the thirty-eight designs contributed by foreigners for the building for the Exhibition of 1851? Did military Prussia, or the *Etat majeur* and *Ponts et Chaussées* of France, make any suggestions to us worth notice in respect to our recent very important Barrack competition? The answer to these questions satisfactorily demonstrates that our artists are capable—and, as a *sequitur*, that if our public monuments are, generally unsatisfactory, our Governments must be incapable.

It is right that the public should know upon whose shoulders the real blame lies. The blunders and failures of our rulers in these matters are chargeable to three causes—first, to irresolution, secondly, to stinginess, thirdly, to conceit. By irresolution, we mean that habit of mind which refuses to realize specific necessities—which puts off reform from day to day, till catastrophes which reform might have averted fall alike upon those who have and those who have not merited them—which patches where it should rebuild, and rebuilds where it should patch—which refuses belief in wants that are urgent, and supplies them when they have ceased to exist—which calls upon commercial speculation to do its work, and then rewards it by grumbling. Of this inveterate infirmity of our Governments we have proof enough and to spare in our National Gallery, our present Downing-street, our foreign office in *nubibus*, our churches in *partibus*, the national decorations of our Palace at Westminster, with its warming and ventilation, our additions to Buckingham Palace, and the noble aspect which St. James's presents—our streets, our sewers, our railways, and our amusements for the people. Secondly, we have to complain of stinginess—that is, of the habitual niggardliness which doles out where it should give freely—which yields only to cajolery on the one hand, or to force on the other—which indulges freely in promises which cost nothing, but shrinks from performance because it will cost too much—which is no less pound foolish than penny wise, surrendering future great gain for present petty economy—which presaes the hand of the physician while suffering, but refuses to give him his fee when convalescent. On this head it may suffice to speak of the existing state of national education and artistic and scientific institutions, of the munificent pensions of 25*l.* per annum and upwards awarded from time to time to public benefactors when they are half starving, of public offices in which the clerks are either overworked or overpaid for doing nothing, of the late treatment of our officers in respect to their horses, and the shabbiness of the decorations of our public parks and gardens. Thirdly, there is conceit. By this we mean the quality which hardens the heart by shutting the ears—which alternately fancies either that the possession of special knowledge of detail confers a superficial judgment intuitively correct, or that the acquisition of a little general information ensures a just apprehension of detail—which disdains the counsels of experience with a courage worthy of the self-confidence which would either don the lawn sleeves of the Archbishop or command the Channel fleet—which stigmatizes facts as "garbled" when they run counter to theory, and resists an opponent's appeal to first principles as unpractical or visionary—which favours those only who concur in ministering to an overgrown vanity—and which is blind alike to its own shortcomings, and to those lessons which humility would learn from difficulty or defeat.

Let us see how this quality of conceit has impeded our progress in art. In the first place, it has blinded our Government to its own shortcomings. It might be all very well for foreign Governments to establish Academies and Institutes, to maintain Professors to give gratuitous instruction, to hold scientific council with Chambers of Commerce watching over the best interests of industry; but we have been supposed to want nothing of the kind, and it has been laid down, over and over again, that we can get on perfectly well without it. Granting that we have got on somehow, who will venture to say how much further and better we might have got on with a little more wisdom and a little more help? In France and Prussia, each department is surrounded by men at the heads of their respective professions, who are retained, both in honours and in money, to advise and assist in matters of special difficulty. In England, the professional man is regarded as a dangerous vampire, whose only object is to squeeze money out of a niggardly Administration. Departments dogmatize, but Governments refuse to endorse, by their patronage, the validity of the laws of art or beauty. The President of the Board of Trade sanctions fearful denunciations against the perpetrators of ugly metal-work; yet who immediately puts up the shabbiest and meanest? The Board of Works. Mr. Kedgrave reports, Mr. Wallis lectures, Mr. Cole

bullies us all, upon the proprieties of an "iron style" which shall unite strength, lightness, and beauty—our best architects and designers are invited to study the subject, as they love themselves and their country—we have a "Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations," in the official documents of which we are invited to throw up our caps at the discovery of the new and beautiful "metallic style"—and yet who, after all this, are the people that conspire with the Government to erect an utter abomination in the way of "metallic style?" Why the very Commissioners of this very Exhibition? Who is it but the self-constituted Art Directors that, to save the fees they would have had to pay to any professional man, prefer to leave the proportions of their building, its lines and its forms, to chance, and to the contractors who will put it up for least money? If ever a national building showed irresolution, stinginess, and conceit, the miserable railway shed now erecting on the nation's estate at Kensington Gore is the one. The way in which the Royal Commissioners have turned their backs upon art and art-industry in this matter, amounts to a gross defiance of the very principles for the extension of which, it is to be presumed, they are alone allowed to exist as a courtly, if not a national, body.

Again, let us see how Government has managed its late Peace fêtes, so far as art is concerned. Any one who remembers the fêtes of Sta. Rosalia at Palermo, San Giovanni Baptista at Florence, Saints Peter and Paul or the Easter Week at Rome, or any of the great public gaieties of Paris, is aware how much effect may be obtained at a moderate outlay, if taste presides over the programme. Any one who recalls the *maschere* of Tuscany, or Vasari's description of the *apparato fatto in Firenze per le nozze di Don Francesco de' Medici, e della serenissima regina Giovanna d'Austria*, and the pictures by Carpaccio of the glories of Venice—who remembers the triumph of Maximilian as recorded by Hans Burgkmair, the Royal progresses of our "Virgin Queen," the *fastes du Grand Monarque*, or even the later Belgian artist-fêtes—must know that the success of such displays has always depended upon the ingenuity and contrivance brought to bear upon the arrangements. The best talent was invariably enlisted, and much graceful imagination was agreeably displayed. Even in our own country, our antecedents shame our present poverty of idea. In 1748, and on the occasion of the celebration of the Peace of Amiens, architects, sculptors, and painters, were nobly employed. In 1814, men of no less eminence than Sir Robert Smirke, Sir William Congreve, Hilton, Stothard, Greenwood, and Latilla, were called upon by Government to devise delights for the popular eye. But in 1856, our authorities, either from irresolution, stinginess, conceit, or a combination of all three, disdain the artist's help, and consequently have been led into a vast and costly series of works, the effect of which, in proportion to the outlay, was beneath contempt. So far as we have been able to learn, not a single artist was employed by the Government; and anything more effete and threadbare than the eternal Brobdignagian stars and crowns, bunches of laurel and olive, V. A.'s and N. E.'s with which all our public buildings were covered, can scarcely be imagined. Take, for instance, that standing monument of ugliness, the National Gallery, and see how it was treated. The columns of its portico were nearly covered with a great black board; and on this were stuck, indiscriminately, four flags in the middle, with a little star above, and a great crescent beneath, two large half crosses, half-stars, a very little V. A. and N. E., two little crowns, and two stupendous branches of some unknown plant, which had all the appearance at a distance of two colossal writing pens. All these figures were ill-drawn in themselves, and were so arranged not only as to be utterly antagonistic to the lines of the building supposed to be decorated by them, but as to present the aspect of having been designed by a schoolboy upon his slate. We venture to assert—and we should like to see the experiment tried—that if the subject of an appropriate illumination of the National Gallery, to commemorate Peace, were given as an exercise to a junior class of students in the School of Design, not one boy in ten would make a design so threadbare in idea, so inappropriate, and so ugly. When we turn from the Palace of Art to the Post Office, we find exactly the same elements, with the exception of the substitution of V. R. L. N. for V. A. N. E., whilst the two pens were bent into a different shape, and appeared to belong to some yet more incomprehensible botanical species. What shall we say of the wonderful balancing feat performed at the Admiralty, where an immense anchor was set rocking and reeling on its shank, and doing duty as a support to a crown much heavier and bigger than itself? The only appropriate expressions of popular astonishment at the sublimities of the Ordnance and the Horse-guards which we could catch in the crowd, were, "My stars! and garters!" and indeed, there was nothing else to say. When we turn from the Government illuminations to the Government fireworks, we encounter precisely the same "spoiling of the ship for a ha'porth of tar." Better-made fireworks, or more of them, no one could desire; but as for *la haute Pyrotechnie*, where was it? The monotony of the Primrose Hill performance was remarked by every one. The *bouquets de feu* were *coups manqués* everywhere, for the best of all reasons—that they did not come at the end. Nowhere was arrangement or judicious combination apparent; and an expenditure which, for once, really appears to have been splendid, failed entirely to produce the impression which it might have

done if superintended by some one possessed of a good eye for effect.

We have been induced to make the preceding remarks because we conceive that the position assumed by Government in relation to Art and Artists is gravely prejudicial to the public interests. It was but the other day that we had a fair and dignified appeal against these proceedings from the sculptors of this country. It is but right the public should know that there is not the slightest deficiency on the part of English artists or art-workmen; but the Government decline the assistance of the best men whenever they can do so without gross scandal, and when they have, in exceptional cases, as in that of Sir Charles Barry, sucked their brains to the utmost, they treat them with the illiberality which they have shown towards him.

To say that, in the case of the illuminations, the Government could not have obtained good designs, is untrue; for at the Royal Exchange, the India House, and in many other instances, where artists of eminence were employed, very excellent and agreeable decorative effects were obtained. If an artist had been appealed to at an early stage of the proceedings, our recollections of the official illuminations of 1856 would have been far different from what they are. Instead of the black board of the National Gallery, and the platitudes of the Post Office, we might have had to recal the fine line of the Westminster clock-tower, the Monument, and the York column, drawn against the sky in living fire—we might have realized at St. Paul's what travellers tell us of the effect of the illumination of St. Peter's—a triumphal *place* might have been made out of Trafalgar-square, in which the fountains, variously lit up with coloured fires, might have played a dazzling part—and all this without costing more of our money than the Government so tastelessly squandered.

Our observations on the Art branch of our subject have run to such a length that we reserve what we have to say on the matter of Science to a future occasion.

#### PUBLIC PROSECUTORS.

THE Report of the Committee for inquiring into the subject of the appointment of Public Prosecutors proposes an addition of the very highest importance to our existing machinery for the administration of criminal justice. As most of our readers are aware, the subject has engaged the attention of law reformers for many years, but the proposal now before the public is almost the first definite scheme which has been propounded for the purpose. As the law at present stands, there is, in ordinary cases, no public officer whatever whose business it is to bring offenders to justice; and it is impossible for any one to study the administration of the law, the forms of procedure, and the rules of evidence, without seeing that they almost all proceed upon the principle that society, in the persons of the judge and jury, has no other duty than that of acting as umpire between a prosecutor who seeks to inflict vengeance and a prisoner who seeks to evade it. The doctrine that the State has an interest in the general prevention of crime has had very little influence over our legislation; and the functions of the Attorney-General, which in some degree involve the recognition of that principle, are almost entirely confined to offences like treason and sedition, in which the Government, as distinguished from the nation, has a quasi-personal interest. The evils to which this state of things has given rise are sufficiently notorious, and are abundantly detailed in the evidence given before the Committee. So long as prosecutions are left in private hands, wealthy criminals are enabled to avoid punishment by buying-off the witnesses whose evidence might convict them. Cases frequently break down on trial, because, through the ignorance or poverty of the prosecutors, the necessary witnesses are not produced. Crimes which do not affect private interests frequently escape all notice; and others, such as murder or manslaughter, which incapacitate the victim from prosecuting, are either dealt with in a perfunctory manner, or entail great loss on persons whose public spirit induces them to take the trouble of instituting proceedings. Some cases of this kind were referred to before the Committee, which appear to us to be as disgraceful to the government of a civilized country as any denial or perversion of justice can be. A most frightful murder was perpetrated by a man of the lowest class on a woman of his own rank in life. After the inquest, one or two of the magistrates gave a loose unofficial hint to the attorney, who acted as clerk for the division, that he ought to take up the case. He did so; and in the discharge of his self-imposed duty, he undertook long journeys, and subpoenaed twenty witnesses, in addition to those who had appeared before the coroner. After a trial which lasted eleven hours, the case was clearly brought home to the prisoner, who was condemned and executed accordingly. But the attorney who had discharged this great public duty lost no less than 40*l.* by the advances which he had made to the witnesses who attended at the trial. Mr. Goodman, the Chief Clerk at the Mansion House, stated that the Vestry Clerk of Paddington was no less than 180*l.* out of pocket in getting up the evidence upon which Greenacre was convicted, and that a Mr. Gray, who indicted and convicted certain persons for a conspiracy at the Central Criminal Court, was put to an expense of 500*l.* or 600*l.* Cases like these are, of course, exceptional; but a less glaring, though, perhaps, considering the station in life of the parties,



a not less grievous wrong, is frequently inflicted upon the poor by the working of this system. By the law of England, a man feloniously deprived of his property can only recover it by prosecuting the felon; and where the prosecutor is in humble circumstances, an attorney will often refuse to undertake his cause, from the risk of being involved in expenses which will not be repaid to him—so that the difficulty of regaining the possession of property wrongfully abstracted is sometimes proportioned to the iniquity of the wrongdoer. If he is a mere trespasser or wrongful possessor, there are speedy means of relief—if he is a felon, the injury is often irremediable. Another bad effect of the existing want of system is the absence of any satisfactory provision for investigation in cases in which preliminary inquiries would be advisable. "I have known cases of arson," says Mr. Greaves, "in several cases which have occurred, when it has never been discovered who the person was, and no investigation has taken place, in consequence of there being no power to investigate."

The effect of our existing chaos upon the criminal law itself, and upon those who study, or ought to study it, must not be left out of consideration. In the absence of any regular prosecutor, prosecutions often fall into the hands of an inferior class, both of attorneys and of barristers. Instances were mentioned before the Committee in which regular fees had been given to the police for every case which they brought to the attorney who employed them; and one of the witnesses referred to a member of the bar who was ready to give his services at the police courts to any one who wanted them, in consideration of half-a-crown and a pot of half-and-half. Such abuses as these are, no doubt, extremely rare; but it is an undoubted and a most lamentable truth that the study of criminal law is greatly neglected in this country, because proficiency in it is less highly rewarded, either by fees or by patronage, than proficiency in any other department of the profession. Nothing is more rare than to find a barrister of any eminence who is willing to devote himself to this branch of his business; and the consequence is, that that part of our law which is incomparably the most important in a social point of view is the least understood, and is administered with the least intelligence.

The remedies proposed by the Committee for these and various other evils detailed in the evidence before them, are modelled partly on the American, partly on the Scotch, and partly on the Irish system. They consist in the appointment of as many as from sixty to seventy "district agents," with salaries of 700*l.* per annum, and clerks at 80*l.*, who are to be appointed by the Home Office. Their duties are to consist in the detection and apprehension of prisoners, where no steps are taken for the purpose by others; or, if the suspected person is already apprehended, it will be their province to look over the depositions taken by the magistrates, and to interfere when they judge it expedient, for the purpose of superintending the prosecution, procuring the necessary witnesses, sending the case before the grand jury, and instructing counsel for the prosecution. The depositions are in all cases to be sent to them, whether they interfere or not. Besides these officers, there are to be advising barristers, one for each circuit, of not less than ten years' standing, who are to receive 500*l.* a year each, and to assist the district agents with their advice, both as to points of law and questions of evidence. They are not necessarily to conduct the prosecutions in court, except in trials of a complicated character, or in other cases if they think it desirable. It is not proposed that the right which private individuals at present exercise, of indicting whom they please, should be taken away; but it is suggested that they should not be allowed to withdraw from such prosecutions without the leave of the Attorney-General, and that no verdict of acquittal obtained by the consent of the prosecutor should be pleaded in bar of future proceedings. Two other important recommendations are included in the Report of the Committee. One of these is, that the district agents should be allowed, with the consent of the Attorney-General, to postpone the trial of persons accused. The object of this is to enable them to obtain evidence in cases in which the witnesses are at a distance, or are kept out of the way by the prisoner. We cannot help fearing that, in quiet times, this provision would be liable to very great abuse. The other refers to a subject of great difficulty, which was much discussed by the different witnesses who appeared before the Committee—the payment by the public of the expenses of the prisoner's witnesses. There is no doubt, on the one hand, as Mr. Phillimore said, that it is a most painful thing to hear a man accused of some serious crime declare that his innocence could have been proved by witnesses whom his poverty prevented him from calling; and, on the other hand, we fear it must be admitted—though the experience of Mr. Davies, an eminent barrister in the State of New York, has led him to a different conclusion—that perjured defences are frequently set up by prisoners, and that, if their witnesses were brought up at the public expense, such defences would be more frequent, as the allowance would operate as an inducement to needy persons. The recommendation of the Committee is, that if the committing magistrates consider the evidence of witnesses called before them by the prisoner to be credible and necessary, they should bind them over to appear at the trial, and that the presiding judge should have the same power with reference to their expenses as he now has with regard to those of the witnesses for the prosecution.

Such are the most important recommendations made by the Committee upon this subject. They involve so many considerations of very various kinds that we can hazard no very decided opinion upon them; but we cannot help throwing out the suggestion that, though the principle of the proposed measures seems sound enough, their details are very much too extensive. Mr. Greaves gave it as his opinion that few counties would furnish more than twelve or fourteen crimes a year in which it would be necessary for the district agent to take the initiative. The Committee say that, "in the greater number of cases for minor offences, the intervention" of the district agent "in the earlier stages may be unnecessary;" and it would seem, therefore, that the agent would either have very little to do, or would do much more than was desirable. An immense proportion of the cases tried at the Quarter Sessions are of the pettiest and plainest kind, and the number tried at the Assizes is very small. In 1853, there were but ten counties in which more than one hundred prisoners were tried at the Assizes, and there was not one in which there were two hundred. The two largest were Lancaster, where 187 were so prosecuted, and Warwick, where the number was 182; and even of these cases, an immense proportion would present no difficulty at all. Of the grievances complained of, the most serious seem to us to be the escape of prisoners in important cases through a defective preparation of the evidence, and the difficulties thrown in the way of poor prosecutors by expense. We should have thought that by providing for these objects separately, the purposes in view might have been carried out quite as effectively as by the plan proposed, and much more economically. In questions of great public interest and importance, the Solicitor for the Treasury usually prosecutes if the trial takes place in London; and we should suppose that, if the functions of the district agents were confined to this class of cases, their number might be very greatly reduced. It would seem also that, in ordinary cases of petty larceny, assault, or the like, in which a poor man had been aggrieved, he might have recourse to a less expensive and more numerous class of officials. Why should not the clerks to the magistrates be bound, upon proper cause shown, to take charge of business of this description? Whatever irregularities there may be in our system of criminal procedure, it is impossible not to feel that the creation of about 70 new officers, with salaries ranging from 500*l.* to 700*l.* per annum, is rather an heroic expedient for their removal. We quite acknowledge the existence of the disease, but we hope to find a less cumbrous and costly remedy.

#### CLERICAL ADVERTISING.

IN our occasional notices of religious journalism, we have been compelled to advert to the profane acerbity which forms the staple of that section of the press. It is but justice to the clerical world to call attention to another kind of ecclesiastical publication which is remarkably free from any approach to sectarian bitterness. All the religious journals have a column devoted to *serious* advertisements, where next presentations with gouty incumbents are recommended to purchasers, and pious footmen out of place can hear of families where they will find liberal wages and opportunities of hearing the Gospel preached. With the religious journal *pur sang*, the advertisements are only an excrescence on the theological teaching, and are invariably confined to the special subdivision of a sect whose views are represented in the leading articles. There are other journals of a more catholic spirit, whose pages are entirely filled with clerical and scholastic advertisements from every section of the Church. Of these, *Mair's Monthly Register* may be taken as the type. The scheme of the publication is to admit, without charge, notices from patrons, incumbents, and schoolmasters, who may desire to sell or exchange their benefices, or to procure the services of curates or assistants. The curate, however, in search of a flock is, it seems, expected to pay for the publicity given to his wants. The proprietor's bonus on the transactions effected by means of his journal is in most instances 5 per cent. on the value of the living disposed of, or on the first year's salary of the curate who may be fitted with a pulpit. If one notice in a hundred bears fruit, the speculation must be a good one—an hypothesis which is not shaken by the following advertisement in a modest corner of the paper:—"Messrs. Mair and Son have clients willing to advance from 3000*l.* to 30,000*l.*" But whether profitable or not, it is conducted on the largest principle of toleration. The highest and the lowest churchman meet in its pages on common ground. The commercial element extinguishes the theological.

We have not indeed found many Roman-catholic or Mormonite advertisements, but we should be disposed to attribute this rather to the fact that they have no benefices to sell than to any bigotry on the part of the Editor. His short mercantile classification of the sections of the Church is of itself enough to refute the notion of undue partiality for any. According to the nomenclature of Mair, parsons are of ten kinds:—High Ch., Mod. High, Mod., Sound, Via Media, Orthodox, Aæg., to Prayer Bk., Mod. Evang., Evang., and Evang. Extem. By one or other of these designations the aspirants for curacies set forth their views, and rectors intimate the quality of the article for which they wish to bid. It is not easy to say what class of curate is most in request. Evang. and High Ch. are almost equally sought for, but "stipend nil" is the description for which the inquiry

appears most active. Here are some average specimens of the offers of incumbents:—

Sussex, near Brighton. Views, Moderate High Church. Population, 900. Stipend, nil.

To minister to the *habitués* of a fashionable watering-place appears to be an equivalent for pecuniary reward.

Yorks. Two Churches, two miles apart. Population, under 1000. Stipend 30*l*.

Cheshire. Sole Charge. Population 800, agricultural. Duty, two Services, Lecture, and Visiting. Views, Via Media. Stipend, 100*l*.

We may observe that, as a rule, "Via Media" commands the highest pay. One invariable form is given to all notifications—those where a title to orders is offered being separately classified, and the value of the privilege generally taken out in the adjustment of the stipend. The curates who seek employment sometimes introduce a few specialties. An M.A. Trin. Coll. Cam., for example, thus describes himself and the position he would like to fill:—"Duty easy. Married. Age 48. Views sound." And there is a member of T. C. D. who includes in his summary of particulars, "London, or a good town. Views, Evang. Preaches Extern. 100*l*. and a house." We have the picture of both these gentlemen living and speaking in those few masterly words.

Before we leave the list of "Want Places," we cannot help noticing the column headed Tutors. The miseries of governesses have become a somewhat threadbare subject. But what are we to think of the following offer from a University man?—

B.A. Corp. Chris. Classics, highest authors. English, gen. Math. good, German slight, French good. Salary, 50*l*.

The italics are Mr. Mair's, and are used as a short mode of indicating special proficiency in the particular subject. To another advertisement, from Trinity, Dublin, the following cabalistic words are appended:—"nat. sci. mech. astron. phys. hydros. math. good. Salary, 30*l*." The highest remuneration asked is 150*l*.; but this gentleman is a B.A. of Caius, Cam., who adds to the more common classics and mathematics the accomplishments of drilling and gymnastics.

The most important part of the journal is that devoted to livings offered for sale or exchange. More room is allowed in such cases for eloquent description than is conceded to curates out of place. By comparing a few of the proposals, it is easy to see the sort of duty for which the advertisers pant. A Yorkshire incumbent with 800*l*. a-year desires to exchange for "a benefice in the south, with picturesque country, dry soil and climate, some society, a good house, and a net income of 600*l*. at least." We admire his taste. An Irish parson, with a population of 40, wishes for "a living in England, with a large sphere of usefulness. Few rents not objected to." The minister of an Episcopal chapel may perhaps come to terms with him, for he is willing to barter for "a living in Ireland where the income is collected without difficulty." A missionary Archdeacon is looking for "a good house, population not very large, dry soil, good society, and 400*l*. a-year." Some few of the gentlemen who are about to tear themselves from their parishioners introduce a condition as to the qualifications of the pastor to be taken in exchange. Thus we have—"Desired a living in a dry locality . . . Pop. not to exceed 1200. Views of gentleman exchanging must be via media. Would purchase advowson of living exchanged for." Another concludes in these words:—"With none but a pious and devoted man, likewise a good Churchman, would an exchange be effected. There is a neat, moderate-sized residence, and a good garden." Such interpolations are, however, quite the exception, and the commercial tone of the transaction is commonly preserved in all its purity. An Essex incumbent will swop for "an increase of income in any locality." A Sussex priest requires "a dry and healthy locality, near a railway, and an increase of income." One from Yorkshire wants "an increase of income in a mild situation." A Barbadoes chaplain generously offers to exchange for an English country living. He adds that "it is immaterial the age of the party exchanging." We can readily believe it. The next presentation to a charming paradise is offered for sale in Cornwall; it is at the seaside:—"The climate is good, little or no frost or snow, aspect south, soil dry, air soft, but not excessively moist, living cheap, scenery most beautiful, and incumbent in a precarious state of health. The income is 800*l*., and the price 6000*l*." Nothing could be more desirable.

A remarkably long description was given some time back of a Devon rectory, "quite suitable to a gentleman of Rank and property," where the "society is unusually good," and there is "no dissenting place of worship or public-house in the village." Every detail of the prospectus, down to the capital R for rank, is in the best style of the late George Robins. But we have quoted enough to illustrate our statement that the advertising department of ecclesiastical journalism is as free from the *odium theologicum* as the placards of the most secular auctioneer in London. We may gather, moreover, that a dry soil is a desideratum at least as much prized as a "large sphere"—that a population becomes more precious in proportion as its numbers diminish—that sinners fit for gentlemen of rank to preach to must be above such low resorts as public-houses and Ebenezers. We must not forget one fact which we have not yet mentioned—that there is "a clergyman upwards of 80 years of age, of sound principles and unexceptionable references, who will be glad to hold a living of not less than 400*l*. a-year." We trust he may succeed in his quest; and for ourselves we

hope that, when next we take the pains to read a dozen pages of clerical announcements, we may be rewarded by finding some trace of a closer connexion between the pastor and his flock than that which is indicated by the amount of tithe, or fostered by the common enjoyment of a dry soil, a bracing air, and a sea-side landscape. But *Mair's Monthly Register* is not designed to gratify such unsubstantial spiritual aspirations, and we doubt if its columns are much used by men like the peasant-parson of the Cumberland Fells, who made it a point of conscience not to desert parishioners whose tithes reached 40*l*. a-year for a neighbouring vicarage endowed with 80*l*. We are happy to believe that there are very many of the country clergy who add to the devotedness and simplicity of Wonderful Walker the higher civilization and learning to which he did not pretend. Such men deserve all reverence; but it is not among the traffickers of the *Monthly Register* that we should expect to find them.

## REVIEWS.

### FRENCH LITERATURE.

AMONG the publications which have issued from the French press during the past month, we may name first M. Cousin's *Nouvelles Etudes*\* on Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Hautefort. They form a worthy addition to those charming volumes on Madame de Longueville and Madame de Sablé by which they have been preceded. Another volume on Madame de Longueville—for that already published does not go beyond her "Jeunesse"—will, we believe, complete this series. The two *Etudes* now before us are episodes detached from a work on the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, which M. Cousin has in preparation. In following the career of Madame de Chevreuse, we repeatedly find ourselves on the track of those footmarks which the conspiracies of Chalais and Cinq-Mars, of the "Importans," and of the Fronde, so ineffaceably stamped upon the history of France. Bold, indeed, must Marie de Rohan have been to enter into so determined a conflict with two such antagonists as Richelieu and Mazarin, and thence to prefer exile to submission. M. Cousin may well discard all apprehension lest her example should prove contagious with the ladies of the nineteenth century. With the aid of documents which he was the first to discover, he shows how futile are the endeavours of La Rochefoucauld and De Retz to remove Madame de Chevreuse from the place which rumour justly assigned her alongside of the Duc de Beaufort, and at the head of the *Cabal des Importans*. In fact, with these and other equally important and interesting documents, nearly half the volume is filled; and it is impossible not to admire the acumen and the taste with which the author has turned his materials to account.

In placing Madame de Hautefort beside Madame de Chevreuse, M. Cousin was less desirous of instituting a parallel than of bringing out a contrast. It is still an enemy, but it is no longer a rival, of Richelieu and Mazarin, that he now takes for his heroine. It is no longer a high-spirited, political adventuress, of somewhat lax principles, whose plots we have to unravel—it is a pure and impulsive woman, the very soul of honour, who arrests our gaze, and commands our love. Whatever part she may have played in the great political intrigues by which she was surrounded, it was forced upon her by her position at Court as *dame d'atours* of the Queen, and was not of her own seeking. In history she undoubtedly occupies a less conspicuous place than Madame de Chevreuse; but as an example of self-sacrifice and devotion, of rigid fidelity to her friends and the cause which they espoused, the name of Marie de Hautefort shines with a lustre which Marie de Rohan fails to kindle. A considerable portion of the second volume, as of the first, is devoted to the publication and elucidation of the so-called *Pièces Justificatives*. Of these, by far the longest is a note on Mademoiselle de la Fayette—the La Vallière, in everything but frailty, of Louis XIII. Most interesting, too, is the collection of letters of the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, to Mazarin. Those who are wont to judge M. Cousin in the light of the religious rancour of Monseigneur of Poitiers or the scurrility of Sainte-Beuve, will be somewhat staggered when they come to test their preconceived notions by the perusal of the *Etudes* themselves. Lynx-eyed indeed must that reader be who can detect the blemishes which the disingenuous prelate and the malevolent critic have so fiercely denounced. There is something peculiarly touching in the sad serenity with which M. Cousin, towards the close of the *Etude* on Madame de Hautefort, takes leave by anticipation of the illustrious ladies with whom it has been for some years his privilege to consort. We trust he may live to complete his most valuable historical labours on the seventeenth century.

Before taking leave of that epoch, we have three other works to mention—all of them by authors who must have mixed more or less in the society of the *femmes illustres* of M. Cousin. They belong to that *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* which has been in course of publication for the last three years, under the

\* Madame de Chevreuse et Madame de Hautefort. *Nouvelles Etudes sur les Femmes illustres et la Société du XVII<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. Par M. Victor Cousin. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. 1856.



auspices of M. Jaunet. Excellent paper, ink, and type, render this collection one of the neatest specimens of bibliography which amateur has ever coveted. Without actually descending to the level of "cheap" literature, it is quite within the compass of the great majority of those whose tastes and education enable them to relish the class of works of which the collection is composed. These consist—to mention only the general outline—of ancient works, scarce or unedited, which are calculated to elucidate the history, literature, and manners of the times to which they belong; and further, of works of established repute, anterior to the eighteenth century—the period within which the publisher means almost exclusively to confine himself. The volumes now before us include both these classes. The *Memoirs*\* of Madame de la Guette, *Esquisses par elle-même*, might serve as a foil to those lives of high-born dames with which M. Cousin has enriched our knowledge of the seventeenth century. Not, however, that there is not a certain dash of resemblance between the rollicking spirit of the strong-minded woman who handles with equal facility a sword, a gun, a pistol, and a pen, and the chivalrous ardour which moved Mesdames De Longueville and De Chevreuse greatly to do and dare on behalf of the cause they served with more zeal than judgment. Perhaps on the score of conjugal fidelity, and female propriety generally, the advantage is somewhat on the side of Mademoiselle de Meurdrac, for such was the maiden name of the lady to whose *Memoirs* we now invite the reader's attention. He will not find much in them respecting the stirring events of the day; but as a picture of manners—as the study of an interior—they will amply repay perusal. The writer must be looked at in the light of the times in which she lived. The turmoils of civil war tended to unsex many of the dames of France, especially those who had to guard the family château while the husbands were absent at the wars. Nothing, perhaps, gives a better idea of this woman's genuine force of character than the manner in which she instinctively extorted the deference of the rude soldiery who then molested the peace of France. Some of the passages between her and her husband, which she narrates with great naïveté, warrant the conclusion that if, on the one hand, they were not remiss in the discharge of their respective duties, on the other hand, they stoutly asserted their respective rights. We should add that this second edition of these *Memoirs* (the first was published in 1681, when Madame de Guette was in her seventy-eighth year) is enriched with excellent notes which explain all the stray allusions.

Any one who wishes to have on his shelves a good—nay, the best—edition of *La Bruyère*, will find the object of his search in the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*.† For a proper appreciation of the beauties, and even for the understanding of the meaning of the *Caractères* a great deal depends on our being able to follow up the successive transformations which they underwent as they passed through the eight editions which were given to the world during the author's lifetime. Facilities for so doing were but imperfectly provided in M. Walckenaer's edition, but M. A. Destailleur has, in this as in other respects, left nothing to be desired. This is not merely a question of bibliographical interest. Any one who has taken pains to examine the subject must be aware how important it is, in those moral pictures which have made *La Bruyère* a classic writer, to be able to form a due conception of the relation of parts to the whole, and to distinguish the dominant trait or idea from the accessories designed to heighten its effect. This can only be done by seeing the writer's thoughts growing, as it were, beneath his pen, and by tracing the various modifications to which reflection led him to submit them as they passed from one edition to another. We cannot now explain by what ingenious devices the present editor has enabled us to see all this at a glance. We can only repeat that this is by far the best edition of the *Caractères* which has yet been given to the world. We should add that it also contains the translation of *Theophrastus* and the *Discours de l'Académie*, and that the editor's notes have the rare merit of being excellent in kind without being oppressive in number.

We wish we could speak in the same terms of the Elzevirian edition of *La Rochefoucauld*.‡ Some allowance ought perhaps to be made for the peculiar circumstances under which it was brought out. It had originally been confided to the care of M. G. Duplessis, and assuredly his reputation as a scholar was sufficiently high to warrant the selection, however much the result may have belied the expectations entertained. Unfortunately, when some prefatory remarks were all that was wanted to complete the edition, M. Duplessis died, and in an evil hour M. Jaunet requested Sainte-Beuve to supply the lacuna. We never felt before how sacred was that time-honoured practice of skipping prefaces, which every author attributes to his readers. In his *Etude on Madame de Sévigné*, M. Cousin had discussed the merits of *La Rochefoucauld* with rare eloquence, depth of thought, and soundness of feeling. That a difference of opinion

might arise as to the justice of M. Cousin's critique, was perfectly conceivable; but instead of meeting, by grave discussion, arguments which had been gravely urged, M. Sainte-Beuve delivers himself of volleys of course persiflage. Were it not for the wholesome proviso concerning prefaces, already alluded to, the perusal of such ill-timed and ill-judged invectives would be enough to disgust the reader at the threshold. We must add that the notes appended to the *Maximes* cannot be said to possess either of the merits which we have assigned to those on *La Bruyère*. On the whole, we consider this edition a failure.

An excellent little manual on the *History of Philosophy*\* has been brought out by M. Matter, a writer famous for his works on *Gnosticism* and the *Alexandrian School*, of which last we advise the reader, if he can, to get the first edition. Great evils, in the opinion of the author, have arisen from the separation commonly effected, in the treatment of these subjects, between Religion and Philosophy. It has especially been the case with works dealing with epochs when the only theology was philosophy, as in the Alexandrian age—or when philosophy was all theology, as in the scholastic age—or when philosophy, in a great measure, supplanted theology, as in the ages of Descartes and of Kant. The works of Erdmann Ritter, Rousselot, and Gladisch, are in some degree an exception to this pernicious practice. It is with religion, as exhibited in the form of speculative theology, that M. Matter has to do. There is no philosophy, he conceives, which is not either the product, the foe, or the friend, of some theology—so that to treat of one without taking into account the other is to distort and misrepresent both. His exposition of the various systems and doctrines which he has to notice is singularly clear. Great sobriety, too, and impartiality are shown in confronting theology with philosophy. Of course, the exceedingly narrow limits of the work—a small duodecimo volume of some 400 pages—prevent the author from giving more than an outline, which it will be for the reader to fill up for himself from those sources to which M. Matter refers for fuller information. Of one thing he may be certain—that all the statements contained in this work, concerning philosophical systems and the like, are taken from the fountain head. The book may be small and unpretending, but it is perhaps less superficial than many a more voluminous production.

We now ask the reader to accompany us through a small gallery of female portraits,† of which Homer has furnished the subjects. Andromache, Hecuba, Helena, Nausicaa, Arete, Euryclia, Penelope—such are the seven figures which M. Camboulin has portrayed, with admirable delicacy of feeling and nicety of touch. The characters in Homer are peculiarly well adapted for "studies" of this description. Like Shakespeare, he never allows his personages to degenerate into cold personifications of vague and abstract qualities. They are living men and women, with the strong characteristics peculiar to each, and the feelings and passions common to all—*Facies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen*. Homer has succeeded to a singular degree, in effecting that perfect union between the real and the ideal which is essential to every high work of art. The perusal of M. Camboulin's exquisite little volume will be the best elucidation of our meaning. We feel puzzled to say which of the "studies" we admire most. That on Helena is the most thoughtful—that on Nausicaa the most graceful—but over all is thrown the charm of accomplished scholarship and pure and healthy sentiment. A chapter on the "Idéal de la Femme d'après Homère" fifty winds up this delightful work.

We may mention, in passing, a treatise by the same author, on *The Fatality of the Greek Theatre*,‡ which goes to show that very exaggerated notions are ordinarily entertained on the supremacy of fate, especially in the *Æschylean* drama. The question is not one into which we can now enter. It is interesting, however, to find Camboulin arriving, by a different route, at the same conclusions which Nietzsche so stoutly maintains in his *Sagenpoesie der Griechen*. Perhaps, if the author had had by him Klausen's *Theology of Æschylus*, he might have been induced to modify some of his positions which are, of their kind, almost as extreme as those which he assails.

In a previous *résumé*, we took occasion to say a word of commendation in favour of the *Coureur des Bois*, or *Woodranger*, a work of fiction by Gabriel Ferry. We can speak in similar terms of the *Scènes de la Vie Mexicaine*,§ by the same author. Were it not that these scenes profess to be taken from real life—and beyond all question the author is thoroughly familiar with the habits and localities of which he treats—we might call the book a collection of tales, for there is not one of its chapters which does not possess all the interest of romance. But the writer is careful to remind us that romance is the very soul of Mexican life, and that any one who undertakes to narrate with fidelity the adventures he meets with in that country is in danger of being set down as a man of lively invention, when he is in fact nothing more than a sober historian. Be this as it may, the book is intensely interesting. We can readily understand the regret

\* *Mémoires de Madame de la Guette*. Nouvelle Edition, révue, annotée, et précédée d'une Notice par M. Moreau. Paris: "Bibl. Elzévir." Chez P. Jaunet.

† Les *Caractères ou Les Mœurs de ce Siècle*. Par La Bruyère. Nouvelle Edition, collationnée sur les éditions données par l'auteur, avec toutes les variantes, une lettre inédite de La Bruyère et des notes littéraires et historiques, par Adrien Destailleur. Paris: Jaunet. 2 vols.

‡ *Réflexions, Sentences, et Maximes Morales de La Rochefoucauld*. Nouvelle Edition. Par G. Duplessis, avec une préface par M. Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Chez Jaunet.

\* *Histoire de la Philosophie dans ses rapports avec la Religion depuis l'ère chrétienne*. Par M. Matter, Conseiller Honoraire, et ancien inspecteur général de l'Instruction Publique. 1 vol. Paris: Meyrueis.

† *Les Femmes d'Homère*. Par F. R. Camboulin. Paris: Durand.

‡ *Essai sur la Fatalité dans le Théâtre Grec*. Par F. R. Camboulin. Paris: Durand.

§ *Scènes de la Vie Mexicaine*. Par Gabriel Ferry. Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer. Paris: Hachette. 1856.

which the author felt at quitting a country where so many romantic incidents had come across his path. We are particularly struck with his pictures of the Mexican monks—a body of which his account throws us back into the middle ages.

M. About more than sustains the expectations which his previous publications had led us to entertain concerning him, by a work which originally appeared in the *Moniteur*, and which now forms part of that neatest of collections of cheap literature, "Hachette's Railway Library."\* The tales in the volume before us are certainly commendable exceptions to the offensive sentimentalism which, even more than absolute grossness, renders French fiction unfit for the perusal of any pure-minded woman. It is a real pleasure to see a man of undoubted talent and energy resolutely applying himself to rescue the light literature of his country from the charges to which it is so justly exposed. Even as a matter of speculation, it would be well worth the consideration of French novelists whether morality might not occasionally be allowed to make itself heard—whether indecency, open or implied, be after all so marketable an article that healthy sentiments need despair of competing with impurity. M. About's volume contains six tales:—I. *The Twins of the Hôtel Cornille* (which may be called the *Hôtel des Princes of the Quartier Latin*). II. *The Uncle and Nephew*. III. *Land for Sale*. IV. *The Bust*. V. *Gorgeon*. VI. *The Mother of the Marquise*. He has something yet to learn in the structure of his plots—he too often, and especially in the fourth and fifth tales, outrages probability. But this is a venial fault as compared with outrages on propriety. There is a vast deal of clever satire scattered lightly throughout the volume. In this respect, he sometimes reminds us of Thackeray. There is one passage in the last tale containing a bitter philippic against the Faubourg St. Germain, of which the concluding paragraph might as well have been omitted. It is where he describes the political atmosphere of the Faubourg as teeming with "des regrets factices, des fidélités qui se mettent en étalage, dans l'espoir qu'il plaira à quelqu'un de les acheter." If venal motives are to be attributed to those who determine to abide by their old principles, what must be said of persons who cast aside the convictions of a life, that they may throw themselves on their knees before the rising sun?

M. Taillandier's articles on the *Social and Political Features of the Teutonic and Slavonic Nations* have won for him a conspicuous place among the *rédateurs* of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Some of these have recently been collected, with some modifications, into the volume now before us,† and serve to elucidate much that was obscure, and to give precision to much that was vague, in the relations which have existed between Germany and Russia. The first article, on Baron De Stein, is intended to point out the disastrous influence which that statesman is alleged to have exercised in handing over Germany to the moral suzerainty of the Czar. In his eagerness to shake off the yoke of France, De Stein, it is contended, inaugurated a line of policy towards Russia which Germany will regret to her latest hour. The second article goes yet deeper into the question—the part played by De Stein being only an episode in the general history of the relation between the German Powers and the Czars. It was the German people which planted the seeds of civilization in Russia—what did Peter and Catherine, Alexander and Nicholas, bring in return to Vienna and Berlin? This article throws a good deal of light on the causes of the reluctance shown by Germany to break with a Power which had woven around her a web of intrigue. The two concluding articles are devoted to an analysis of the works of Lermontoff, the "Poète du Caucase," and of Palacky, the historian of Bohemia, and thus complete a volume full of matter for reflection, of which the events of the last two years have done much to increase the interest and value.

*Balzac in Slippers*‡ gives us a very curious peep into the private life and character of that extraordinary and eccentric man. It takes him in his den at "Jardier," Balzac's villa near Paris, and gives a host of most entertaining anecdotes respecting Balzac himself and his friends. The book—a very neat specimen of the *Collection Hetzel et Lévy*—is from the pen of one of Balzac's familiars, Léon Gozlan, himself a writer of fiction. We trust he may carry into execution the promise held out in the Preface, of publishing yet further details of the author of *Eugénie Grandet* and *Vautrin*.

Lamartine has got ahead of us. Both the fifth and sixth numbers of the *Cours Familier* have appeared since the publication of our last résumé. Both of them are devoted to very able analyses of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Sanscrit literature, and they well sustain the reputation of earlier numbers. At the end of the sixth are some lines of very questionable beauty addressed to Madame Victor Hugo.

#### GOURAUD'S CAUSES OF THE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND.§

ENGLISHMEN will not be inclined to criticise very closely a work written by a foreigner to show what a great country England is, and how its greatness has been achieved. M. Gouraud is the most ardent admirer of perfidious Albion, and of our

constitutional system, that we remember to have met with. We may certainly assume that much of this admiration is the genuine fruit of observation and reflection, and we may be permitted to hope that a great portion of it is very well deserved; but we must be content to accept it with some slight deduction. It is obvious that M. Gouraud is taking up his parable. He sets England on a hill, that he may write securely against the Imperial Government of France. An opponent of the present despotism cannot express his opinions directly, but, by praising a system that offers a strong contrast to the existing régime, he can indirectly let the world know what he thinks. England supplies the desired subject of comparison; and, therefore, the more praise that is lavished on England, the stronger is the attack on the Government of Louis Napoleon. M. Gouraud is not the only nor the most eminent French writer who has had recourse in recent times to this method of attack; and it is a curious instance of the way in which history repeats itself, that a century ago precisely the same thing was going on. Voltaire and Montesquieu wrote about England and the English constitution as a pointed, efficacious, and safe manner of calling the attention of Frenchmen to the great blots in the monarchical system of France. They studied English history and English manners with a sincere desire to acquire information, to learn what good government was, and how it had been established; but they did not so much wish to arrive at the exact truth, and at a really accurate conception of English society, as to deduce propositions which, based on fact but not rigidly adhering to it, should enlighten and stimulate their own countrymen. M. Gouraud, being influenced by a similar desire, writes in a similar way, except that, the style of modern writing having changed, he does not enunciate so many concise, smart, and disputable generalizations, but follows more closely the course of actual history. We must, of course, make some allowance for this influence when we read his panegyric, as also for another influence of a different kind. Those who are accustomed to the old French commonplaces about English treachery will notice with some degree of amusement that M. Gouraud has turned the cursing of his predecessors into blessing. Their revilings have suggested his praise. They inveighed against our financial and economical system as the creation of a grinding selfishness—M. Gouraud praises it for this very reason, and affirms that only under the admirable system of a limited monarchy is it possible to effect the laudable object of blighting every germ of wealth in foreign nations. They have exposed the perfidious arts by which we have seized on possession after possession in every quarter of the globe—M. Gouraud explains that this was but the legitimate mode in which a great nation followed the law of its development. Throughout his work there prevails a tone akin to that which pervades ordinary books of religious tuition. We feel that they are made to suit a particular purpose—that the truths stated are nothing more than the logical contraries of the errors into which those with whom the writer disagrees are supposed to have fallen—and that these errors are stated in the most comfortable and convenient form for instant exposure. M. Gouraud teaches constitutionalism much as Miss Martineau taught political economy, and as some novelists of the present day enforce the precepts of the Church Catechism.

Still he has written a book which we may be very glad to see published. It is sufficiently accurate as a statement of fact, and sufficiently wide as a summary of general principles to repay Frenchmen, if they study it attentively. We cannot receive with indifference any work that is virtually the protest of an educated and sensible man against a system which appears to Englishmen so miserable as that of a democratic despotism. It is, unfortunately, the tendency of such a system to perpetuate itself, and the only successful opposition that can be offered to it must arise from an honest attempt, made first by a few, and through them by many others, to appreciate the duties and position of a free citizen. Few nations govern themselves, because few like to take the trouble—they do not wish to have the fatigue of considering what they ought to do. This is, to a lamentable degree, the state of public feeling in France; and therefore there must be some profit in a sermon preached on the text, that the main function of citizens is to make their own laws, and that their main duty is to respect these laws when made. It would be difficult to say how this sermon could be better framed than by giving it the shape of a commentary on English history. England stands now in somewhat of the same relation to the nations of Continental Europe in which Rome and Greece stood to the modern world at the time of the revival of classical learning. This country is the fountain from which are drawn the examples and the encouragements of the secular virtue that is the salt of human societies. Christianity does not foster, and was not intended to foster, in any special degree, the qualities of mind which distinctively fit men for free and constitutional government. It is evident that a universal religion—a religion which directs the thoughts of men to a future state and the invisible world—cannot speak to the free man as opposed to the slave, or offer any specific solution of the perplexing problems of temporal government. It was reserved to the classical nations in ancient times, and to England and its offshoots in modern times, to exhibit, to cultivate, and to systematise the excellences which make a man, in the language of Aristotle, fit both to govern and to be governed. It is natural, therefore, that men like M. Gouraud should seek for wisdom in English history. Perhaps the tenor of his argument is directed a little too much to establishing the expediency of having such a government as that of

\* *Les Mariages de Paris*. Par Edmund About. Paris: "Bibl. des Chemins de Fer," Hachette. 1856.

† *Saint-René Taillandier. Allemagne et Russie*. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1856.

‡ *Balzac en Pantoufles*. Par Léon Gozlan. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1856.

§ *Histoire des Causes de la Grandeur de l'Angleterre depuis les origines jusqu'à la paix de 1763*. Par Charles Gouraud. Paris: Durand. 1856.



England. He aims at showing that all the advantages of a despotic are offered in a much higher degree by a constitutional monarchy. A despotism is said to ensure order. In what country has order, he asks, been so undisturbed as in England? Frenchmen long for power and glory—constitutional government has given England a kingdom on which the sun never sets. Despotism boasts that it gives and protects wealth—what is the wealth of any other country compared to that of constitutional England? This kind of reasoning may be useful as a means of awakening attention in France to political truths; but it is like inculcating honesty by showing it is the best policy. The difficulty is to get dishonest men to care about a policy being the best—they only trouble themselves as to what policy is the easiest and pleasantest.

There is not much in M. Gouraud's book that can have any great value for Englishmen. It goes over ground that is familiar to us, and gives little more than an abridgment of Hallam's *Constitutional History*. Occasionally, however, there are suggestions and remarks that are new and interesting. Among others, we note an observation, repeated and illustrated in the history of widely different periods, that the English aristocracy alone, among the aristocracies of Europe, has always sought for wealth by trading speculations. M. Gouraud quotes a petition presented in 1327, by Lord Spencer, in which that nobleman, complaining of the depredations committed on his estate, asserted that he had lost 28,000 sheep. In this great agricultural producer, M. Gouraud sees a predecessor of the Duke of Bridgewater, to whom, in the last century, the canal system of England mainly owed its origin. He exaggerates the tendency of the English nobility to embark in trading operations for the purpose of enriching themselves; but there is a general truth in the statement that one great reason why the English aristocracy alone has never been an isolated class, is that it never was an idle one. A real history of our aristocracy, and a careful inquiry into the causes that have separated it from the aristocracies of Europe, remains yet to be written; and there could not be a more valuable contribution to the political history of England.

M. Gouraud is not a very profound thinker, either as an economist or a politician. He says in his concluding chapter that there have been two causes of the greatness of England—namely, its protective laws and its constitutional government. Whether protective laws have, under certain circumstances, a temporary justification and value, is a question which we do not think it necessary to discuss. It is the theory of a school of Continental economists, of whom List may be taken as the representative, that there is a point up to which protection is indispensable, and after which it is injurious, and that this point can be ascertained. List fixes it, in English history, at the Peace of 1815, and he thinks that England began Free Trade thirty years too late. As M. Gouraud only carries his history down to 1763, he may conceive himself not called on to say what England ought to have done after her supremacy was established; but his manner of writing is rather that of a downright Protectionist than of an economist who thinks that the adoption of Free Trade is a question of time. It is no doubt true, as a matter of fact, that while the protective system of England was maintained and strengthened, the external trade and the development of the internal resources of the country made an enormous progress. But that protective laws, as such, do not tend to produce such a result, is evident from the history of continental nations, and especially of Spain. If it is said that the progress is due to the energy of the people, but that it is made possible by protection, we may ask how it can be shown that the energy unaided would not have attained the same or a greater end? For instance, M. Gouraud tells us more than once that it was only by the protective system that England was enabled to free herself from the necessity of getting her wrought iron from Sweden. The petition presented to Parliament this session by the descendants of Mr. Cort supplies a curious commentary on this assertion. Protection did not enable English ironmasters to do anything until the invention of Mr. Cort taught them to work iron cheaply. We may also turn to the parallel afforded by the protection granted in Russia to the native iron trade. M. Tengoborski, in his volumes recently published on the resources of the Russian empire, gives a series of statistics showing the extent and success of the iron manufacture in Russia. He writes as a professed adherent of the protective policy of the empire; but he acknowledges that Russia is suffering under the exclusion of British iron, that the amount worked is less than it ought to be, and that the working is so bad that the agricultural implements made of home wrought-iron are nearly useless.

In his criticism on our constitutional system, M. Gouraud displays none of that insight into its peculiar character which has made the writings of some of his countrymen so instructive. In answer to the ultimate question, on what does the existence of a constitutional government depend? he has no better solution to give us than that it depends on the race to which the nation belongs. If this be so—if an Anglo-Saxon has an inherent tendency to be free, and a Celt an inherent tendency to be a slave—we cannot understand why M. Gouraud should consider it worth while to study constitutional history, or how he can think, as he tells us he does think, that a knowledge of the English constitution is essential to the progress of humanity. What object could a negro have in expatiating to his brother blacks on the expediency of being white? In this

respect M. Gouraud's book falls far beneath the level of the writings of the eminent men at the head of French literature who have recently inquired into the origin and progress of constitutional history. Men in all else so far apart as M. de Montalembert and M. Quinet, have united in earnestly insisting on the fact that France, Spain, and England, had at one period institutions nearly similar in each, calculated to foster and develop political liberty. These nations, and others also, have diverged from a common centre—they have not always proceeded along distinct lines. It is this that makes the history of each the best of commentaries on the histories of the rest. M. Gouraud also seems to us to perceive, in a very inadequate manner, the relation of constitutional monarchy to feudalism. He does not seem to have considered the difficulty which besets any attempt to construct a constitutional system when the traditions of feudalism have been broken, or have never existed. A feudal aristocracy, in harmony with the progress of modern thought, and congenial to modern habits and desires, is the indispensable basis of a limited monarchy. But such an aristocracy cannot be created. In France, a large interpretation must be placed on the teachings of constitutional history—a larger one than is to be found in the pages of M. Gouraud. It is not the forms of constitutional government, but its virtues, its aims, and its habits of thought, that can be profitably imitated on the other side of the Channel.

#### ROUMAN BALLADS AND SUPERSTITIONS.\*

IT is now, we should hope, unnecessary to establish the manifold claims of popular poetry to our love and study—to enlarge on its freshness, purity, and naïve enthusiasm, its simplicity and truthfulness, its pathos, heroic energy, and imaginative power. We need hardly praise its noble confidence in the willingness of its audience to disregard the dress of a thought, so that the thought itself be of worth. We shall only allude to the value which this species of poetry—exhibiting, as it necessarily does, traces of the climate, country, race, faith, history, and civilization of the people amongst whom it may have originated—has for the philosophic student of mankind, whether from the ethnological, religious, or political point of view, as well as for the chronicler who, like Michelet, comprehends that *l'histoire vit de détails*. It would be idle to insist on its value to the people themselves as forming their archives—as embodying their ideas of God and the world, their memories of the past, their life in the present, their hopes for the future beyond the tomb. This (and much more) has been done already by Herder, in the preface to his *Volkslieder*, and by Scott, in the remarks prefixed to the *Border Minstrelsy*.

The contents of the book before us not only deserve attention as illustrating most of the characteristics above referred to, but, being the genuine expression of the Rouman popular mind and heart, they will tend to counteract the contemptuous disregard with which the prosperous Briton is naturally inclined to treat any poor and long-oppressed people—even though that people should have descended from ancestors so noble as Trajan's Dacian legionaries and colonists, should have rendered important services to mediæval Christianity and civilization, and should possess a vitality which has enabled it to survive the onslaughts of the barbarians and the grinding tyranny of the Phanariote governors.

The popular poetry of the Roumans is divided by native critics into four classes:—1. The ballads (*cantice batrinesti*), which celebrate the deeds of their princes and favourite heroes. 2. The doinas (*doine*), songs full of a vague melancholy, an indefinable sentiment, called *doru*, which, according to M. Ubicini, "tient en même temps du regret, de l'espoir, de la douleur, et de l'amour, et qui, dit-on, fait mourir celui qui en est atteint." 3. The horas (*hore*), carols deriving their name from the national dance (*hora*, Lat. *chorus*) by which they are accompanied. 4. The kolinde, which are sung by children about the streets on the eves of Christmas and New-Year's Day. The ballads are chanted to slow, sad airs, both by the peasantry of the Carpathians and by the long-haired gipsies who wander about in their snowy tunics and bright sashes, the *şarabdoi* of Moldo-Valachia, as in Russia their brethren are the popular musicians. They are written in short, rhymed trochaics, and generally commence with the phrase, *Green leaf of the hazel! or, Green leaf of the oak, the lily of the valley, the fir-tree!* &c.—the particular leaf having always a symbolic analogy to the subject of the poem. Thus the oak leaf is apostrophised when the ballad-singer treats of some valiant robber—the leaf of the darnel or the fir when the hero in question is doomed to death by a judge incapable of appreciating his Robin Hood-like tendencies to plunder the rich and assist the poor—the leaf of the rose, the lily, or the violet, when the minstrel sings of some fair young maiden. Sometimes, too, these ballads (like the Servian *piesme*) begin with a question, which is answered in the negative. Thus:—

Are those newly-blown flowers that one sees on the border of the plains of Tinkie? They are not blown flowers: they are the sheep of Costé, Costé who has placed his sheepfolds on every hill.

Notwithstanding occasional exhibitions of an Oriental luxuriance of fancy, the style of these ballads is, in general, simple and

\* *Ballades et Chants Populaires de la Roumanie (Principautés Danubiennes)* recueillies et traduites par V. Alexandri; avec une Introduction par M. A. Ubicini. Paris: E. Dentu. 1855.

straightforward. Similes, as in all ballad-poetry, save that of Homer, are rarely introduced. When, however, these do occur, they are fresh and forcible. A cowardly sheep-stealer, for example, on meeting the eye of the man he has plundered, becomes "black as a tree-trunk charred by flames." A girl is "pure as starlight, alert as a fair bird, and sweet as a flower"—she bends her body "like a flower in the breath of the wind." Tatars' eyes are "round and small as the holes in a sieve;" and a captive warrior, stretched upon his prison-floor, is likened to a forest stripped by winter of the splendour of its leafage.

Having thus slightly indicated the mode of treatment adopted by the Rouman balladists, we may now consider the subjects of their works. These are in general sufficiently simple. A warrior, on his black Dobrudja horse, rescues a youth from the steel teeth of a dragon; a girl curses her faithless lover with a fearful ingenuity of imprecation; three brothers, erroneously believing that their sister has yielded to a guilty passion for a negro, burn her alive, and scatter her ashes on the wind; a Moldavian warrior braves a Tatar Khan in his pavilion—such are the themes we light on *ad aperturam libri*. But there are others better fitted to display the pathos and imaginative power which seem the highest characteristics of the Rouman singer. In the doina of *Miorita*, for example, a shepherd, anticipating his death at his comrades' hands, tells his chief ewe to beware of speaking to his sheep of the murder.

Tell them only that I have wedded a beautiful Queen, the betrothed of the world [*i.e.* Death]. Tell them also, that at the moment of our union a star fell; that the sun and the moon held the bridal crown above my head; that I had for witnesses the pines and plane-trees of the forest, for priests the lofty mountains, for choir the birds, thousands of birds, and for torches the stars of the firmament.

But if you ever behold, if you meet a poor old mother with a linen girdle, shedding tears and roaming through the fields, and asking and saying to every one: "Which of you has known, who has seen a handsome shepherd, whose waist would go through a ring: whose hair is [like] the raven's feather; his moustache, the barley-ear; his eyes, mulberries of the fields; his face, the foam of milk?" Then, my little ewe, take pity on her sorrow, and tell her only that I have wedded a king's daughter, in a land beautiful as the entrance of Paradise.

The ballad of *Constantin Brankovano* exemplifies still further the power of pathos to which we have alluded; and it is interesting from an historical point of view, as illustrating the spirit in which the Rouman Christian was wont to meet the persecutions of his Mahometan oppressors:—

The old boyard, Constantin Brankovano, was a Christian prince, whose treasures had aroused the greed of his foemen; but in vain had they sought to destroy him.

Behold, one Thursday, a day fatal to the prince's life, at the first light of dawn, Brankovano rose from his bed, plunged his face into the coolness of water, offered long prayers to God, and placed himself at the window of his castle.

But scarcely had he cast a glance upon the plain, when, seized with alarm, he ran to waken his three sons, and said to them: "O, my well-beloved children, leave the sweetness of your sleep, rise and take your arms, the cruel pasha has just surrounded our house. He has pointed against us great pieces of cannon, which beat down the solidest walls."

The boyard had not finished, when his foemen stormed the castle, and made prisoners of him and his three sons. They tied the four together, flung them into a ship, and carried them far off, to a fortress on the shore of the sea.

"Old boyard Constantin Brankovano, thou the Christian prince, give up thy religion, and turn Mussulman, if thou hast pity on thy children and wishest to live the remainder of thy days."—"Pagan Tatars, you the foes of the name of Christ, though you should massacre my three children before my eyes, I will never deny the holy faith of Christ. Come, do with me what you will."

At these words the cruel pasha uttered cries of rage, and gave the signal of death. Two negro executioners drew nigh the three children, and chose the eldest. They bandaged the eyes of the fair boy, and struck off his head. Old Brankovano sighed deeply, and said, "Lord God, Thy will be done."

The executioner again fell upon the children, and of the two that remained they chose the youngest, a delicate creature with yellow, silky locks. A moment after his fair head rolled on the flags of the prison. Old Brankovano groaned sorrowfully from the bottom of his soul, and said, "Lord, Lord God, Thy will be done."

In much amaze at beholding so great resignation, the cruel pasha signed to the executioner to stop, and, feeling moved with pity, he said, "Old boyard Constantin Brankovano, Christian prince, thou hast three children; of the three thou hast but now lost two. One remains. If thou wishest to save his life, abjure the faith of Christ for Mahomet's."

"God is great," he answered. "A Christian I was born, and a Christian I would die. O, my darling child, do not weep so, for my heart is breaking in my bosom. Be still, and die in thy religion, for heaven is opening for thee."

The cruel pasha feels his wrath increase; his eyes fill with blood; his voice hoarsens with rage. The executioners made ready their slaughterous weapons, dragged the young tender child from his father's arms, flung him at their feet, and sent his head a-flying.

Old Brankovano burst into tears, and said from the bottom of his soul—"Lord, Lord God, Thy will be done!" Then suddenly it seemed to him that the world was covered with darkness; his heart was rent with a great sorrow, madness seized upon his spirit, and he cried aloud: "O wretched robbers! pagans, sons of dogs! I had three children: you have torn all three away from me. The Lord God grant that my wish be fulfilled! May you pass off the face of the earth like the clouds at the blast of the winds! May you find no spot in the world to lay your dead! May you never have children to fondle!"

The Tatars shivered under this curse, and fell like wild beasts upon the aged prince. They flung him down and tore all the skin from his body. Then they stuffed this skin with straw and placed it upright. "Old ginour, ginour prince, Constantin Brankovano," they cried, "open thine eyes, and see if thou knowest thy own skin."

O Tatars [says the balladist], you may devour my own flesh, but know that Constantin Brankovano is dead in the faith of his fathers, in the holy religion of Christ!

Many of these ballads are interesting from the light which they throw on the popular creed of the Roumans. In this may still be found some traces of the Latin mythology. Ercolean (Hercules), for example, frees from her shadowy rock-prison, a maiden, the personification of the mineral waters of Méhadia. The Paunas (Pan?) of the forest wrestles with a warrior for his bride. Golden-haired Soarele (the Sun) flies through heaven, drawn by his nine horses. Sina (Diana) hunts among the clouds with her train of witches and fairies; and we may refer to the *Walächische Märchen* of the Brothers Schott for an account of the rite of feasting deceased ancestors—so evidently a relic of the Roman lar-worship. Some superstitions, such as vampyrism, and the belief alluded to in *Miorita*, that the destiny of every man is connected mysteriously with that of a star which reflects every phase of his mortal life, and falls at the moment of his death, are found, somewhat modified, in other countries—this of the star in France and Lithuania. But most are native to the soil—the dread of the Balaurs, for instance, monsters which, when they open their mouths to swallow their victims, rest one jaw upon the earth, while the other touches the sky; and that of the Ziméi—winged beings of supernatural strength, which dwell in the centre of the earth, or amidst impenetrable forests, "where they hide their treasures, as well as the daughters of the blood-royal, whom they have carried off." We may also mention the almost idolatrous veneration with which the peasant regards the familiar serpent (*serpi de casa*), which he keeps in his cottage; and the terror he feels for the Pruth, the *riu blastemat* (accursed river), from the far side of which, he believes, come all his calamities—famine, epidemics, locusts, and, above all, the cholera. This last superstition is illustrated in the following ballad:—

On the bank of the Pruth, in Vilkou's house, Vilkou drinks gaily and fondles his three children, taking no thought of the cholera; but his mother trembles for him and says:—"Vilkou, dear child of thy mother, Vilkou, my handsome champion, thou drinkest gaily and fondest thy children, taking no thought of the cholera—ah me! cease from drinking and yielding thyself to gladness, for already the cholera is on the banks of the Pruth, and already it has crossed the river."

At these words Vilkou harnessed his four oxen to his wagon, and set out to drive his trade. When he came to the bend in the river, he suddenly saw a ghastly phantom moving towards him across country—an old, toothless, poisonous, hag, with her skin glued to her bones, and serpents tangled in her hair. She came, brother, she came like a thunderbolt, and the grass withered behind her, and men fell dead, and thousands of thorny plants sprang up in her footprints. "A pleasant journey," she said to Vilkou; "whither so boldly, my handsome traveller?"

"Accursed be the toothless carline," answered Vilkou; "whither speedest thou so fast?"

"I am going to the house of Vilkou, on the bank of the Pruth, to carry off the rest of that young champion's days."

"O Plague, thou traveller, cruel! destroyer! hold, take my horse as well as my weapons; and grant me some days that I may once more behold my children, who are dear to me as the light of the sun: hold, take my wagon also and my oxen, take everything, but depart from our home."

"What do I want with thy feeble weapons, when I possess the weapons of Hell? I have three viewless sickles that cut men down by hundreds and thousands. And what do I want with thy horse, when I have the coursers of Satan, which never pauses in its flight, and never is fatigued? Keep thy wagon, keep thine oxen. What I want is thy days, and them I take."

Suddenly the hag stretched out the ancient bones of her meagre arms, and embraced Vilkou's body. She glued her livid lips to his, and drew in his days in a deadly kiss. She then vanished, chuckling, and carrying off Vilkou's days.

One of the most singular of the ancient Rouman superstitions was that the stability of a building might be ensured by burying a victim alive in the foundations. This belief forms the groundwork of *The Monastery of Argis*—perhaps the finest, as it is the longest, ballad in the present collection. In this ballad, Negru Voda (Rodolph the Black), the founder of the Principality of Wallachia, commands his ten master-masons to build the most beautiful monastery in the world;—

You shall have wealth	I will have you buried,
And the rank of boyards—	Buried alive,
Or if not, by God,	In the foundations.

They set to work, but every night the result of their day's toil falls to the ground. They work on, trembling at the prince's menaces. At last, Manol, their chief, dreams that a voice from heaven has told him that their work must continue to fall, until they swear—and keep their oath secret—to immure the first woman, wife or sister, that shall bring them their victuals at dawn the next morning:—

Lo, at dawn, Manol awakes, and forthwith climbs up on the fence. He climbs further up the scaffolding, and looks afar over the fields and the road. But what does he perceive? Whom does he see coming? It is his young wife, the Flora of the fields. She drew nigh, bringing him food to eat and wine to drink. Manol beheld her: his sight grew dizzy, and seized with terror, he clasped his hands and said: "O Lord, my God, send upon the earth a foaming rain-flood that shall mark out streams and plough torrent-beds. Let the waters gather and flood the plain, and force my wife to retrace her steps!"

God takes pity on him, and at his prayer assembles the clouds which hide the heavens. Suddenly fell a foaming rain-flood which marked out streams and rain in torrents. But this could not stop the wife. She still kept on, passed the waters, and still drew near. Manol beheld her, and his heart groaned. Again he bent down and clasped his hands and said, "Oh Lord, my God, let loose from afar upon the earth a great wind that shall twist the plane-trees, strip the firs, overthrow the mountains, and compel my wife to go back far down the valley."

God took pity on him, and at his prayer loosed a great wind from heaven upon the earth. The wind blew and whistled; it twisted the plane-trees, stripped the firs, overthrew the mountains. Still it could not stop the wife, who kept on ever, making long circuits, but always drawing nearer—nearer, ah woe! the fatal goal.

The masons, however, the nine master-masons, on beholding her, felt a shiver



of joy, whilst Manol, with sorrow in his heart, took her in his arms, climbed up the wall, and laid her down there, ah me! and said thus:—"Rest, my noble love, rest thus without fear, for we wish as a jest to wall you in there." His wife believed him, and smiled cheerfully, whilst Manol, faithful to his vision, sighed and began to build up the wall. The wall rises and covers the wife up to her ankles, up to her knees, but she, poor little one, had ceased to smile, and, seized with fear, she wailed thus: "Manoli, Manol, enough of this sport, for it is deadly. Manoli, Manol, O Master Manol, the wall's closing in, and crushing my body."

Manoli was silent, and kept on building. The wall still rises, and covers the wife up to her ankles, up to her knees, and up to her hips and up to her bosom. But she, ah woe! bitterly weeps and still wails, "Manoli, Manol, O Master Manol, enough of this sport, for I am soon to be a mother. Manoli, Manol, O Master Manol! the wall's closing in, and it's killing my child. My breast is pained, and it weeps tears of milk."

But Manol is silent and still builds on. The wall still rises, and covers the wife up to her ankles, up to her knees, and up to her hips, and up to her bosom, and up to her eyes, and up to her head, so that she was no more seen and scarcely could her voice be heard still groaning within the wall: "Manoli, Manol, O Master Manol! The wall's closing in, and I am dying."

A similar tragedy is believed to have taken place at the commencement of all the ancient Rouman buildings, each of which is accordingly haunted by a *stakié*, the wrathful spirit of the victim of this superstition. "Even in our own time," says M. Alexandri, "masons place in the foundations of the houses they erect long reeds, with which they have attempted to measure the shadow of any passer-by. This unhappy individual is destined, they believe, to die at the end of forty days, and to change into a *stakié*."

Vasile Alexandri, the young Moldavian to whom we owe the present collection, is known abroad as one of the leaders of the rising school of Rouman literature—a school whose chiefs, Bolentineano, Alexandresco, Constantin Rosetti, and Alexandri, prefer the expression of original ideas in national forms of utterance to the slavish imitation of Greek models, in thought and style, which prevailed up to the insurrection of 1821. His original *doinas*, so far as we can judge from the French version,\* are full of freshness, vigour, and grace; and in him we trust that his country has found a singer whose love and knowledge of his native ballad-literature will not prove his only titles to comparison with two of our own poets—Scott in the past, and William Allingham in the present generation. Let it not be thought that the condition of the Principalities is unfavourable to the growth and manifestation of poetic natures. Such are often developed where society has been most disturbed—just as the musical instruments of greatest sweetness and truth of tone are framed, 'tis said, from the trees that have grown in the stormiest situations.

#### A VOICE FROM WITHIN THE WALLS OF SEBASTOPOL.†

THERE are two sides to every question—a right side and a wrong; and there are also two sides to every beleaguered place—an inside and an out. With the *outside* of Sebastopol during the memorable siege which lasted exactly one twelvemonth from September, 1854, England is now pretty familiar. "Our Own Correspondent" has detailed to us his own ideas, descriptions, plans, and sufferings, with abundant minuteness; whilst there is scarcely an ensign in the British army that cannot harrow up our feelings with an authentic version of "hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach," and all the hazardous incidents of the bombardment and the assault. But we have yet to learn what took place *inside* the town, and to what extremities those gallant men were reduced who resisted for so many weary months the united efforts of England and France. *A Voice from within the Walls* is a most interesting account of these matters, from the commencement of operations till March, 1855, at which period the author quitted the service of the Czar, and came over to the British camp. His narrative includes the brilliant triumph of the Alma, the chivalrous encounter at Balaklava, and the desperate repulse of Inkermann. It is, indeed, curious to mark the enemy's version of these important actions, and to trace the gradual deterioration of the Russian soldier's *morale*, when opposed to the daring gallantry of the French, and the (to him) incomprehensible firmness of his British antagonists.

Captain Hodasevich is by birth a Pole, and seems to share the feelings of disaffection with which the more stirring spirits amongst his countrymen still regard the Russian yoke. He is not, therefore, prone to spare the weaknesses of that army in which he served from his boyhood, but which he seems to have been rejoiced to quit at the first available opportunity. Military men have a natural prejudice against deserters, and are perhaps not sufficiently willing to give them the credit for veracity which they may deserve; but nevertheless, *fas est ab hoste doceri*. A glimpse into the organization, and, so to speak, the domestic economy of the Russian army, cannot but be interesting and instructive to all who would uphold the integrity of Europe and the balance of power. Peculation seems to be the mainspring by which all the movements of that mighty mass are regulated—perhaps we should rather say, the moral paralysis by which its efforts are continually impeded. The Russian soldier commences by being very mode-

rately paid, and very sparingly fed. About nine shillings a-year, Captain Hodasevich tells us, is his nominal rate of pay; and this magnificent income is mulcted of stoppages for the regimental barber, for the lamp-oil of the regimental saint, for the caps with which he fires his musket, and lastly, for the very changing of his money, on which a large per-centage is deducted. His clothing is provided for him by the Government, and a certain sum per annum is allowed for repairs. In Captain Hodasevich's regiment this allowance was never forthcoming to the men, and they were obliged to pay for all their mending and making out of their own scanty means. What became of the Government allowance? The Colonel pocketed the whole. With regard to his rations, the Russian soldier is still worse treated. In the Government stores of Sebastopol, says our Polish malcontent, there was left a certain quantity of salt beef, which the naval authorities had pronounced unfit for human food. "*The Colonel of our regiment, for his own profit, ordered a board of officers to report that the said salt beef was fit for food.*" Of course he had bought it for a mere nothing, and was receiving for this carrion the price of good wholesome meat. The men, rather than eat it, went dinnerless and supperless to bed; but hunger at length compelled them to swallow the foul mess, and from three to five men in each company went daily into hospital from the use of this poisonous food. Starved and robbed, how can the Russian soldier be expected to fight? It is wonderful that he behaves as well as he does. "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat," says Horace's warrior; but the poet was not much of a soldier, and experience has proved that the best paid and best fed troops are always the best disciplined, and consequently the best fighters in the field.

Those of our countrymen who had the best opportunities of witnessing the behaviour of the Russian officers during the Crimean campaign speak most highly of their gallantry, steadiness, and self-devotion; but from the account given us by Captain Hodasevich of the many instances of shuffling, shirking, and rank cowardice amongst his comrades which came under his own observation, we are led to conclude that their exceptional instances of "disgraceful conduct" are considerably less rare than in our own army. The practice of promoting officers from the ranks, which has of late been a subject so much discussed in England, meets with the Captain's decided disapprobation.

The account of the battle of the Alma, as seen, so to speak, from behind the scenes, is most interesting, and places in an entirely new light many important features of that brilliant success. The force engaged on the Russian side is calculated at about 33,000 infantry, 3,400 cavalry, and 96 guns—an armament which, occupying as it did an almost impregnable position, ought, as Captain Hodasevich observes with a soldier's feeling of shame, to have "held the position till night, and then retreated without disgrace." The Russians appear to have formed a very erroneous opinion of British infantry; and their men expressed great delight when informed that the red-coats on their right were English. They considered them, though good sailors, to be inferior soldiers, and thought it would be "good fun to resist their attack." They never seem to have fallen into the same mistake again.

It has been too much the custom in the British service to underrate the value and efficiency of cavalry. What was our cavalry force at the battle of the Alma? Considerably less than a thousand sabres. Every cavalry officer knows the difficulty of producing this arm of the service; but, after a victorious engagement, it is cavalry alone that can grasp the fruits of success. Hear the confession of the enemy himself:—

It was extremely fortunate for us that the Allies were not strong in cavalry, or not more than 15,000 would have ever reached Sevastopol. Horse-artillery would have been very effective while we were crossing the Katcha, at the village of Aranchi, where the greatest confusion reigned. At this time all were crowding together over the river at a ford—there were commissariat-waggons, artillery waggons with wounded, artillery, infantry, &c., in one mass of confusion!

What a moment to have swept down with a light field-piece or two, and a handful of lancers! In a rout, no one calculates the strength of an attacking force; and a couple of squadrons, with an effective support, can do as much execution as an army. But, with the best horses in the world, England has always been weak in cavalry, and the practical results of the battle of the Alma bore no adequate proportion to the glory of our victory.

Our author gives a striking description of the commotion and panic in the town. Horse, foot, and guns crowded and jostled to seek a place of safety—men-of-war were hastily sunk across the harbour—while the towns-people worked day and night at the defences, women and even children carrying out the plans of Todleben, himself the master-spirit of the whole. His system has this incalculable advantage, that it can be shifted at will to oppose the changing attack of the enemy; and his extraordinary *coup d'ail* seems to have done him infinite service in this mode of working and counter-working, for his object appears to have been constantly gained by simply changing the position of a gun, or altering an embrasure to bear upon the point required. But even Todleben was hampered by Russian rascality and peculation. The grandest achievement in modern defensive warfare was nearly foiled by the rotten state of the ineffective shovels which were found in store at Sebastopol. And why? Because the colonels of regiments charged their Government for new tools, and bought old ones second-hand. Compare this fact with another, on which Captain Hodasevich lays much stress. During the hottest period of the siege, a quantity of powder is brought up to Bastion

\* *Les Doinas, Poésies Moldaves* de V. Alexandri. Traduites par J. E. Voinesco. 2<sup>ème</sup> édition. Paris, 1855.

† *A Voice from within the Walls of Sebastopol: a Narrative of the Campaign in the Crimea, and of the Events of the Siege.* By Captain R. Hodasevich, late of the Tarentine Regiment of Chasseurs in the Russian Service. London: John Murray. 1856.

No. 4—a gun is charged, shotted, and laid, but will not go off. The officer swears, the men grumble, and a fresh tube is introduced with a like result. There is no time for examination; but when evening approaches, the charge is drawn, and the powder found to be—dyed millet-seed! Wooden nutmegs are nothing to this. Brother Jonathan has yet something to learn from the barbarians of the North. In the meantime, sickness and many other miseries accumulated, to increase the horrors of the beleaguered town. True, the siege never became an investment—the road to the north was always open, and troops might be relieved at will after the harassing duties of the defence. But notwithstanding free ingress and egress on the northern side, great were the unavoidable hardships and sufferings of the besieged.

Our narrator passes over with slight mention the untoward business of Balaklava, but relates an amusing anecdote of Liprandi, who, sending a young regiment into action, quaintly informed them that he would give them the assistance of two field-pieces loaded with canister, to fire upon them if they attempted to turn or waver. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. General Guyon, in the Hungarian war, made the same use of his artillery with a shoeless, half-armed, undisciplined handful of patriots, whom he found himself leading to attack a strong position held by Austrian infantry. In each case success crowned the manœuvre. At Inkermann, Captain Hodasevich was fortunate enough to lead the attack with his company—and this, too, in presence of the Grand Dukes and Prince Menschikoff. "Do you see them?" he asks his men. "We do, Sir," was the answer of the whole company. "Then forward with the bayonet." The attack was well supported, and drove in upon their supports certain "red coats with tall black caps," which turned out to be the Guards. This must have been an outpost of the Brigade, "who retired about 400 yards, and then opened a fire of rifles upon us." Soon the tables were turned. Regiment after regiment of Russia's bravest troops came pouring onward like the waves against a rock. "The red coats, with their tall black caps," stood in knots of tens and twelves, and, to use the words of one who is acknowledged by all to be amongst "the bravest of the brave," "set their teeth, and fought it out;" and the overpowering columns of the enemy broke, and turned, and fled. Confusion soon added to the slaughter inflicted on them by the Allies—Russian regiments mistook each other for the enemy, and fired into each other's ranks. The flight soon became a rout; and if we ever imagined that Russian boasting claimed Inkermann as a victory, Captain Hodasevich's account of the action sets that question at rest for ever.

Our author, after doing good service with the Russian army up to the commencement of March, 1855, began to find his Polish birth and national predilections an insuperable bar to his advancement in the armies of the Czar. He accordingly resolved to desert, and try his fortunes in the service of Great Britain. This scheme he put in practice on the 5th of March; and he speaks most gratefully of the warm welcome he received from Sir Colin Campbell, on his arrival at the head-quarters of that distinguished officer. We fear the peace must have been a sad disappointment to so martial a spirit; but in the meantime he has given us an interesting and welcome book, detailing exactly those things of which we were most ignorant, and which we were most anxious to learn. Long and eagerly were the eyes of England fixed on the outward defences of Sebastopol; and *A Voice from within the Walls* is sure to command the attention of all who ever heard that now world-famous name.

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

IT is somewhat remarkable that so little has been done by Englishmen for the history and general criticism of the literature of their own country. There is no book of authority that presents a good synopsis of the subject—no English author of repute has ever yet attempted to lay down a chart of the intellectual development of England, and to show how the literature of the country has preceded or accompanied its political progress. Mr. Hallam's introduction to the *Literature of Europe* is at best only a guide for the general student, and cannot be accepted as a conclusive authority upon subjects that are always briefly, and often very superficially, discussed. In that work, the criticism of English literature only occupies a subordinate place, and moreover it does not extend later than the seventeenth century. The literary history of England has yet to be written. To the materials for such an undertaking large and valuable contributions have been made by French and German writers, and few more useful and trustworthy than the recently published work of M. Hermann Hettner.

M. Hettner is a writer of considerable reputation in Germany, and of great and varied acquirements. His new work, of which only the first portion has yet appeared, is intended to give a comprehensive survey of the literature of Europe during the eighteenth century. It commences with that of England, because, in his view, it stands first in the order of development. In France, in Germany, and in Holland, it is true, much had been done for the emancipation of opinion and for the inauguration of

modern civilization. But the political circumstances of our country were peculiarly favourable to the rapid growth of the philosophy and literature which distinctly mark this epoch. France followed, and interpreted to the Continent the discoveries that were made by England in physics, metaphysics, and political philosophy. Voltaire and Montesquieu both came to England—the one was the careful student of Locke and Newton, the other the apologist of our free political institutions. They were succeeded by Rousseau, Diderot, and the Encyclopedists. Of their epoch our author says:—

The influence of literature upon the world has seldom been so powerful. It is true that there was no want of irreverence, superficiality, exaggeration, and inconsistency; but those writers remorselessly exposed the wounds of their age, the whole world hearkened unto them, and only sought to convert their doctrines into practice. The spirit of innovation was roused everywhere, not only among the middle classes, but much more among the nobles and the clergy. No one, except perhaps Christophe Beaumont, the fanatical Archbishop of Paris, attempted to defend the olden times, and the old government. The government persecuted these writers and burned their books, but they still remained honoured as heroes by high and low alike. A little later, the attempt was made by some noble and wise sovereigns and statesmen, to remould the political system of their countries, in the sense of the new ideas. Frederick the Great, with his inventive genius, was the first to set the noble example; then followed Pombal, Joseph II., Struensee, Peter Leopold of Tuscany, and Pascal Paoli, of Corsica; and who can forget that Italy produced a Beccaria, a Filangieri, and a Tanucci, and Spain a Campomanes? It was the wonderfully strange spectacle of a revolution begun from above, which Schlosser has justly designated a monarchial revolution, because the nations themselves, stupidly and tenaciously clinging to their traditions, frequently offered an open or concealed resistance to the most excellent measures. But the Southern races, in particular, soon fell back into a state of torpor; under the oppression of centuries they had lost all dignity and all power of exertion; to borrow an analogy of Niebuhr's, the hand of the Indian fakir, which at first was stretched out voluntarily, at last really loses the power of motion.

In the mean time, Germany had risen after a long sleep. It soon, indeed, became a conductor, and gave the tune; with truly marvellous rapidity, it surpassed England and France, not in power or in freedom, but in cultivation, in art, and in science. The scholar became the teacher.

It is from this historical point of view that M. Hettner proposes to survey the literature of the eighteenth century; and wisely preferring an historical epoch to a chronological one, he starts from the restoration of the monarchy, in treating of the literature of this country. It was the time when the Royal Society was founded, and when the Baconian philosophy was producing as its fruit the noblest discoveries in physical science that have ever been achieved by the human mind. Within the thirty following years were announced to the world the marvellous discoveries of Newton, whose name preeminently marks this period. To the same age belonged Wren, Kenelm Digby, Boyle, Wallis, Halley, and Flamsteed—all conspicuous labourers in the field of knowledge. Nor is the peculiar character of this epoch less distinctly marked by the spirit of free inquiry impressed upon its political and speculative philosophy. Locke, who, as M. Hettner says, may be justly termed the Newton of philosophy, was the champion of free thought in political and metaphysical science, and the teacher of the principles which have become the laws of every enlightened political community. That illustrious group of men had witnessed the return of Charles the Second, and had felt the hopes which the English people cherished of the restoration of a well-ordered monarchial polity. They had shared the fears and dangers of the last years of the Stuart dynasty, and lived to see established the nearest approach to free government, under monarchial forms, and the highest degree of political freedom, that Europe had yet witnessed. Then, as must always be the case, peculiarly in times of political commotion, the men of thought and the men of action had a reciprocal influence upon each other, and the philosophy and literature of England contributed in no slight degree to promote and consolidate the settlement of 1688. How different was the state of France and Germany! In France, the race of great men that figured in the days of the Fronde and the earlier years of Louis the Fourteenth had passed away. The French nation was crushed by the splendid despotism of the Grand Monarque, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and the Court was purchasing subsidies from the Catholic Church by the most savage persecution of religious dissidents. In Germany, learning had declined, and literature, such as it was, was following the French models. To England belonged the glory of leading the van of the political and intellectual struggle which lasted till the French Revolution, and which is still far from its conclusion.

That period, which was so rich in intellectual vigour, was, it must be confessed, wanting in imaginative power. The poets and dramatists of the Restoration and the Revolution were manifestly inferior to their great predecessors. Though Milton and Andrew Marvell were still living, they belonged in character and in feeling to the generation before them. The chief characteristic of the literature of fancy was the predominance of French taste. Shirley, the last of the school of the great Elizabethan dramatists, died in 1666. Lee attempted, but with slender success, to revive the spirit of that school. Dryden and Otway were contented to follow the French classical models; and though the latter for some time kept his place on the stage, more from his skill in construction than from any intrinsic merit, neither of them, as dramatic writers, added much to the glories of the English theatre. The plays at the time of the Restoration, and for many subsequent years, were written to gratify the corrupt taste of a profligate society. There was a violent reaction against the austerity of Puritanism, which was not checked by the example or the tastes of the restored monarch, and in no depart-

\* *Literatur-Geschichte des Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von Hermann Hettner. Braunschweig. Von Wieseng und Sohn. 1856.



ment of literature was it so visible as in the dramas of this period. The playwrights fell far behind their French models. Dryden never approached the stately grandeur of Racine in his tragedies, or the refined purity of taste and sentiment of Molière in his comedies. His reputation rests upon his satires and his fables, which have always retained a well-deserved popularity. But of those pieces it may be remarked that, though they contain abundant evidence of the immense power of the writer, of his great knowledge of the language and his remarkable skill in versification, they do not belong to the highest class of poetry, and are not the natural products of a poetical age. The drama did not revive, notwithstanding the encouragement it received from the Court and the society of London. The comedies of the time of Charles the Second are almost a disgrace to the literature of a civilized country. All traces of the romantic sentiment which had belonged to the Elizabethan school completely disappeared in the plays which were produced by the courtly writers at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Consequently, not only the Puritans, but the sounder part of society in general, abstained from visiting the theatres, and sought for a literature of a more healthy character. The mass of English society was not tainted with the corruption of the Court, and there soon sprang up a class of writers of very high ability, and with a true conception of the aim and mission of literature. Addison and Steele in their essays, and Daniel Defoe in his immortal fictions, strove earnestly and successfully against the immorality of the times, and exercised a pre-eminently healthy influence on the character of the educated classes. The reaction which had set in so furiously at the time of the Restoration was in its turn defeated, and popular writers began to inculcate refinement without licentiousness, and morality without austerity. In the world of thought, as in the world of action, there was less extravagance and more good sense. As the great men of the Revolution of 1688 had endeavoured to reconstruct the political edifice on the sound basis of law and toleration, the writers who attained the largest influence on society were those who attempted to introduce a purer taste in literature, and through literature to improve the manners and morals of their countrymen. It was no easy task to cleanse the Augean stable, but the essayists of the reign of Queen Anne did good service.

Unfortunately, the poets of the Augustan age, as it was called, had not yet freed themselves from the trammels of French taste. They were therefore the poets of a class, not of the nation. Less impure and less vigorous than their immediate predecessors, they had little influence over the feeling of the age, and they were in no slight degree hurtful, as they contributed to prolong the reign of a vicious style in poetry. The productions of this school were for the most part moral essays, satires, or idyls. They appeal to the understanding, not to the imagination—they abound in wit, but are curiously wanting in fancy and in passion. M. Hettner justly condemns the false glitter of this school of poets, and illustrates his criticism by a phrase more familiar to the German than the English reader:—

This class of poetry is, as was the case in the poetry even of Dryden, eminently superficial, and of a dry, intellectual character. Its aim is to instruct and enlighten, or at best to astonish and dazzle by brilliant strokes of wit. There is no warm breath which falls warm upon the feelings; there is nothing but a town-like, witty, refined existence, which vainly gloriously reflects itself, and knows nothing higher than itself.

First comes the moral poem and the moral fable. Next come satires, elegies, and idyls, or pastoral poems; for these classes of poetry, as Schiller has explained in his treatise on natural and sentimental poetry, all arise from an over-refined state of feeling, which cannot enjoy anything naturally and easily, but is discontented with realities, to which it applies the standard of a higher, and often a purely arbitrary, ideal. If the poet, from an ideal point of view, contemplates the real with aversion and distaste, he mocks at it, and lashes it, and then he writes a satire; but if he paints the ideal with a feeling of pain that the real does not correspond with it, he writes an elegy; and lastly, if he attempts to embody the ideal, conscious of the distance between it and the real, he composes an idyl. For all these classes of poetry, which Schiller has so well described as over-refined sentimentality, Pope and his school had an exclusive predilection. Indeed it was almost the point of honour with them to go through the whole series of these kinds of composition, whilst on the other hand, no attempts were made in true epic poetry or genuine song-writing.

The form of this species of poetry corresponded exactly with its spirit. In this instance, the "pigtail" developed itself in England in its highest perfection.

Everybody knows what the "pigtail" means in the language of artists. After the original style of the Renaissance had produced the most marvellous works of architecture, it gradually fell in Italy, but still more in France, into a strange system of external scroll-work. Entire edifices seemed only to exist for the sake of the decoration; and this species of ornament rolled itself up under the artist eye, as has been well said, of hairdressers, into curled locks of hair. In France, from the time of Ronsard and the pleiads of poetry, as they were called, not only the forms of the classical drama were followed, but the classical stories and mythology supplied the subjects. But the characters of ancient tragedy appeared in hoop petticoats and full-bottomed wigs, and moved about in the most approved style of modern French society. Pradon, who composed, like his great contemporary Racine, a Phædra, says expressly in a letter to the Duchess of Bouillon, that he had not represented Hippolytus as he was at Trézene, but as he would have had to appear at the polite court of Versailles. Though in both the architecture and the poetry of this class we may sometimes find a greater freshness and more liveliness than would exist in a literal imitation of the antique, still it is incontestable that such a strange confusion of ancient and modern elements—such a thorough incongruity of form and substance—never required by the necessities of the subject, but violently imposed by external force, produce the most astounding combinations and the most bizarre forms. This conventional, "pigtail-like," tasteless French passion for the classical established itself in England, and determined the character of all artistic forms.

There is much truth in the above remarks on the taste of the Augustan age. Pope undertook to make Homer genteel, as Dryden had endeavoured to impart to tragedy the fashionable air which he believed the Elizabethan dramatists to have been unable to comprehend or to appreciate. M. Hettner is, however, fair enough to admit some of the real merits of Pope, which is as much as can be hoped for from any but English critics who have early been familiar with, and have learned to admire, the wonderful power of epigram and the skill of metre which Pope possessed in so high a degree.

At the time when the poets were so unpoetical, with an obvious tendency to didactic morality, the dramatists did not outstrip them in the higher flights of fancy, but became their rivals for the palm of didactic excellence. The drama sought not to delineate a passion so much as to point a moral. Southern, Rowe, Addison, and Congreve in the *Mourning Bride*, belong to the school of moral dramatists. In their plays, it is at starting generally a fair match between vice and virtue, but the latter invariably wins at the end of the fifth act, and its triumph is recorded in the moral sentiment pronounced at the footlights very much as it is done in the popular plays of our own day. M. Hettner justly condemns the intolerable weakness of this insipid school, and notices how Southern, in *Oronoko* wrote an Uncle Tom's Cabin play; and, moreover, he goes so far as to quarrel—and with reason—with Mr. Macaulay for having ventured to set Addison's *Cato* above many of the plays of Racine and Corneille.

We cannot at present pursue further our notice of this most interesting volume; but we have no hesitation in saying that M. Hettner is a most valuable guide in the literature of the period which he has undertaken to investigate. He combines great knowledge with considerable critical power, he is fair and liberal in his judgments, and his work is well arranged and methodical. Without being a partisan, he starts from a clear and well-defined conception of the force and value of the intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, and endeavours to trace its progress in every branch of literature, to show its effect upon contemporary opinion, and its general bearing on the progress of human society.

#### FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN EAST AFRICA.

##### Second Notice.

CROSSING a broad and crystal river, the only perennial stream which he had seen since he landed in Africa, Mr. Burton advanced with his companions to the gate of Harar. After waiting half-an-hour, they were admitted and conducted to the audience-chamber of the Amir, who sat in a dark room, the whitewashed walls of which were hung with rusty matchlocks and polished fetters. Mr. Burton had, before entering the city, determined to appear in his true character, and now announced himself as an envoy from the political resident at Aden. The Amir listened approvingly, and signed to the travellers to retire. This was a relief, for the prophecies of danger had become more and more numerous as they approached the end of their journey, and the angry voices of the attendants who led the way to the palace of the dreaded chief were ominous of evil. The courtiers of Harar, true to the instincts of their race all over the world, now smiled most graciously. Soon a message came from the Amir commanding Mr. Burton to pay his respects to the Prime Minister. He found this personage sitting in a clean whitewashed room, like an English farm kitchen. The old man made Mr. Burton sit down, and addressing him in Arabic, asked his business. He said that he came to re-establish friendly relations between Aden and Harar. "It is well, if Allah pleases," ejaculated the Vizier, and the interview ended. Now began the visits. In this part of Africa, paying visits is the great business of life. First, the Arabs waited on the new comers, then the Somal plucked up courage, and as long as Mr. Burton seemed to be in favour at Court, there was no lack of friendly demonstrations. On the second day, the Vizier sent for the strangers. The audience began with a long prayer, interrupted by the frequent response, "Allah, bless our Lord Mohamed with his progeny and companions, one and all." After the devotions were ended, the Vizier put on his dress of business, and they all proceeded to the throne-room of the Amir. This time, matters advanced so far that an answer was promised to the letter which Mr. Burton had delivered in the name of the Aden authorities. Many days passed, however, before all "the delays of Africa" were ended, and the permission to depart was accorded:—

Our days at Harar were monotonous enough. In the morning we looked to the mules, drove out the cats—as great a nuisance here as at Aden—and ate for breakfast lumps of boiled beef with peppered holcus-scones. About 8 A.M. the Somal sent us gifts of citrons, plantains, sugar-cane, limes, wheaten bread, and stewed fowls. At the same time the house became full of visitors, Harari and others. Noon was generally followed by a little solitude, the people retiring to dinner and siesta; we were then again provided with bread and beef from the Amir's kitchen. In the afternoon the house again filled, and the visitors dispersed only for supper. Before sunset, we were careful to visit the mules tethered in the court-yard—being half-starved, they often attempted to desert.

We spent our *soirées* alternately bepreaching the Gallas, "chaffing" Mad Said—who, despite his seventy years, was a hale old Bedouin, with a salt and sullen repartee—and quarrelling with the slave-girls. Berille, the loud-lunged, or Aminah, the pert, would insist upon extinguishing the fat-fred lamp long ere bed-time, or would enter the room singing, laughing, dancing, and clapping a measure with their palms, when, stoutly aided by old Sultan, who shrieked

like a hyena on these occasions, we ejected her in extreme indignation. All, then, was silence without; not so, alas! within. Mad Said snored fearfully; and Abidin chatted half the night with some Bedouin friend who had dropped in to supper. On our hard couches we did not enjoy either the *notes* or the *ecce deorum*.

Harar lies on the top of a hill, about 5500 feet above the level of the sea. The city slopes gently from east to west. Its extent is one mile in length and half a mile in breadth. The climate is agreeable—

Its heat is not hot, nor its cold cold.

The material of the houses is rough stone, and the only large building is the principal mosque. The streets—if streets they can be called—are narrow, and encumbered with rocks and heaps of rubbish. There are no gardens within the walls, but many graveyards. Harar is the Oxford of Eastern Africa; but Moslem religious literature is taught by the professors in the dialect of the place, which is unintelligible beyond the walls. The general appearance of the people is most repulsive, justifying the sayings, "Hard as the heart of Harar," and "If you meet a Harari and a viper, spare the viper." The government is vested in the Amir, whose will is law. He is a miserable tyrant, in appearance like a little Indian rajah; and he spends his time in spying out the proceedings of his relations, and in indulging idle fears of the English, the Turks, and the ruler of Zayla. The country, up to the gates of the city, is peopled by Gallas:—

The Somali find no difficulty in travelling amongst them. I repeatedly heard at Zayla and at Harar that traders had visited the far West, traversing for seven months a country of pagans wearing golden bracelets, till they reached the salt sea, upon which Franks sail in ships.

The coffee of Harar which comes to the markets of Europe grows round the city. Tobacco, and the Wars, which yields a yellow dye, are also grown. The kat or ja't plant, *Catha edulis* or *Catha spinosa*, is used here, as at Aden, on account of its pleasantly exciting properties. Harar is the centre of the slave trade of Eastern Africa, and has been so ever since the days when captives "were taken out of the land of Presbyter Johannes, or Preciosus Johannes."

Mr. Burton, having enjoyed the dangerous pleasure of visiting Harar, left that city for Buknah on the 13th of January, 1855—"a weight of care and anxiety falling from him like a cloak of lead" as he passed beyond the gates. The dew hung in diamonds from the coffee-trees, and the spur-fowl crew blithely—what a change from the poisonous atmosphere of the streets! Before night, Mr. Burton felt the traveller's pleasure of talking over past dangers in the camp of the friendly Guad Adar. Thence the explorers recrossed the Marai prairie, keeping to the south-east of their former track, and reached, after much delay, a point called Moga's-tooth, with which a legend similar to that of Birnam wood is connected. Further on, they suffered terribly from thirst. The following passage is worthy to stand beside some of the best descriptions in *Eothen*:—

As I jogged along with eyes closed against the fiery air, no image unconnected with the want suggested itself. Water ever lay before me—water lying deep in the shady well—water in streams bubbling icy from the rock—water in pellucid lakes, inviting me to plunge and revel in their treasures. Now an Indian cloud was showering upon me fluid more precious than molten pearl; then an invisible hand offered a bowl, for which the mortal part would gladly have bartered years of life. Then, dear contrast! I opened my eyes to a heat-reeking plain, and a sky of that eternal metallic blue, so lovely to painter and poet, so blank and deathlike to us, whose *καλον* was tempest, rain-storm, and the light purple rainbow. I tried to talk—it was in vain; to sing—in vain; vainly to think. Every idea was bound up in one subject—water.

At Bulhar they struck the coast, and just as most of them were utterly exhausted, they saw a dark line on the sandy horizon—Buknah, the end of their toils.

Mr. Burton's postscript tells the story of his unsuccessful attempt to traverse Somali land in April, 1855. His party consisted of forty-two persons, and they landed at Berberah just as the great fair, which begins every year about the 15th of November, was coming to an end. Unluckily, the *Mahi* schooner was unable to remain off the coast till the explorers started for the interior, and she sailed away, after paying them the barren honours of a salute. There appeared, however, little reason for fear. During thirty years not one Englishman had been molested at Berberah. The party waited to see the end of the fair, and to receive some instruments which were expected. Their tents were pitched close together. Before daybreak on the morning of the 19th of April, an attack was suddenly made upon the encampment, by a party of about 350 men. Lieutenant Stroyan, a very distinguished officer, was murdered—Lieutenant Speke was desperately wounded. He actually walked and ran three miles after receiving eleven wounds, two of which pierced his thighs. The extraordinarily rapid recovery of this gentleman is as remarkable as his tenacity of life. "In less than a month after receiving such injuries, he was on his way to England." Mr. Burton's own share of this disaster was a javelin-wound in the face. Lieutenant Herne was but little injured. This untoward event put an end to the expedition; but measures have been taken to punish the authors of the outrage, and ere long there seems to be a prospect of the Somali explorations being revived under better auspices.

The most generally interesting part of Mr. Burton's very ample appendix is perhaps an abstract of Lieutenant Speke's diary, kept between October 28th, 1854, and 15th February, 1855, and giving an account of his unsuccessful attempt to reach

the Wady Nogal. Lieutenant Speke had been long engaged in collecting the fauna of the Himalaya, and made a valuable collection of the animals of the Eastern Somali country.

So, year by year, a larger portion of Africa becomes known to geographers, and the approaches of civilization are pushed closer and closer. It will be long, indeed, before the defences of barbarism are razed; but we are, at least, advancing towards such a consummation. The Somali are perhaps to be the medium through which the arts of Europe are to find their way into the mysterious heart of this great continent. In dealing with them, we are dealing not with savages but with barbarians. They are Mahometans, not Fetish-worshippers, and we who live in the days of Turkish missions and are harangued from time to time about the "drying-up of the great river Euphrates," are a little too apt to forget how great a step this is. Some of those who are best informed about the less known parts of Africa believe that the Fellatah conquests, in the name of God and the Prophet, are the destined means for the elevation of the central tribes to that state of comparative civilization which may hereafter render them susceptible of higher influences. But the policy of acquiring a firm footing among the Somali is enforced by considerations very different from these, and appealing more directly to our interests. They are not like the Arabs round Aden, "a race untameable as the wolf;" but they are, as the sequel of Mr. Burton's story proves, sufficiently barbarous to be dangerous neighbours. If one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers were cast away on their coast, the results, in the present condition of things, might, as he well observes, be very serious. If a British settlement were founded at Berberah, this danger would soon cease. That port, besides, is the key to the centre of East African trade, and "the only safe place for shipping upon the western Erythrean shore from Suez to Guardafui." If we do not establish ourselves there, it is more than probable that either France or America will. Nor have we to fear a climate like that which helps to make Aden so worthy to be, as the Mahometans say it is, "the grave of the first murderer." The hills behind Berberah are capable of cultivation, and are covered with pines and other valuable trees. The monsoon is regular, and the heat not great, when we take into consideration the latitude. Mr. Burton forbears to dwell on the power over the slave trade in these regions which would be given us by the possession of this important harbour. That nefarious commerce will, he says, come to an end as soon as "a British cruiser shall receive positive and *bona fide* orders to search native craft, and to sell as prizes all that have slaves on board." A judicious agent at Berberah could select proper abbas for travellers, far better than can be done at Aden, and the country would soon be opened up to commerce. The districts through which Mr. Burton passed have, as we have already seen, many valuable articles of export. Those visited by Lieut. Speke are not much less productive. Guano, valuable gums, hides, peltries, mats, ghee, honey, and sheep, are not bad items to begin a trade with, and of course many more would soon be added.

The faults of Mr. Burton's book are such as, under the circumstances of its composition, it is not difficult to pardon. It is written hastily—it is a little confused—and many remarks which might have been, with great propriety, admitted into the text, are exiled to foot-notes. The size, also, and the expense of the volume are greater than they need have been if its author had given himself time to be concise. With all its imperfections, it is, however, vastly superior to the majority of books of travels, and not unworthy of Mr. Burton's well-earned reputation.

#### THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.\*

IF the revelations of the Microscope are less sublime than those of the Telescope, they are only so because the vastness of space and the immensity of the bodies disclosed by the latter fulfil the first requisite of sublimity—namely, the suggestion of our relative inferiority. But the revelations of the Microscope more than make up for this deficiency in grandeur, by the thrilling, and, at times, almost overpowering interest which attends their glimpses into the very arcana of Life. We take a drop of water from the nearest pond or tide-pool—a drop that would not cover a sixpence when spread out to the full—and this drop of water, under the Microscope, is seen to be a little world. Through its varied vegetation a hundred different animals swim, quarrel, and feed—animals invisible to the naked eye, yet possessing strength and agility, such as renders the strength and agility of our lions and antelopes insignificant in comparison. Here, whirling, swims, or sometimes creeps, the marvellous Rotifer, fixing his tail to one point, and then, elongating his body for your more easy inspection of his anatomy, he fastens on to another point by his mouth, and suddenly draws in his tail, like a telescope shut up in its case. That Rotifer will give you matter for study as long as you choose. He was as dry as dust, and was blown about in the dust, not an hour ago; but a shower of rain has restored all his liveliness. If you keep him where he is, the moisture will evaporate, and he will die; but he is easily brought to life again by a friendly drop of water, and this killing and reviving process

\* *The Microscope and its Revelations.* By W. B. Carpenter, M.D. London: Churchill. 1856.



The great proof of the interest excited by the Microscope is the number of books, so rapidly increasing, which profess to instruct the student. In Germany, and in France, as well as in England, such works abound; but either they have not achieved their object, or have failed to satisfy writers, since new works are constantly issued, presumably to supply existing wants. Dr. Carpenter's is one of the latest. He began it years ago, and expressly intended it as a guide to students. In this respect, we regret to say, it is far from satisfactory. The plan is excellent; but the execution is such that, although the book will be very useful to those already advanced in the use of the instrument, and not unacquainted with physiology, it will often be found a great stumbling-block to the unhappy student who has recourse to it for plain elementary directions. Dr. Carpenter's plan is first to describe the various forms of Microscope, and the various accessories employed—then the best modes of managing the instrument—and, finally, the methods of mounting and preparing objects. Having thus disposed of the Instrument, he next proceeds to describe its Revelations; and by far the greater part, as well as the most valuable part, of the volume is devoted to the vegetable and animal forms revealed by microscope study. Dr. Carpenter has several qualifications for the production of a valuable work of this kind, but he is deficient in the qualifications which constitute a popular writer on science—hence in our notice of his book, we wish to discriminate between the two classes of students likely to look after it. He is a practised microscopist, and speaks, therefore, with authority on all matters pertaining to the instrument—long use has taught him much that others will be glad to learn. But it has made him forget that he was ever ignorant, that he was ever perplexed, and in want of aid; and consequently, the unpractised student is often left by him without guidance of any kind. The art of writing Dr. Carpenter has yet to learn. His style is not simply a vague, abstract, leaden style, without relief of any kind—it has the great defect of not being always intelligible, although always tiresome. Let any one desirous of “mounting” an object, and, in perfect ignorance of the methods employed, read what Dr. Carpenter has here written for the instruction of students, and he will have remarkable skill in divination if he is more fortunate than a friend of ours who, after several attempts, gave up in despair, not knowing how to take the first step. But—and this illustrates the nature of the whole work—if the student is *already* familiar with the art of mounting objects, he will find many useful directions, the result of Dr. Carpenter's long experience. If, therefore, we were to commend *The Microscope and its Revelations* without specifying the class of readers to whom it will be acceptable, we should mislead a great many who would conclude that it must be acceptable to them. Equally unjust would it be to condemn the work because we do not conceive it well adapted for popular use. It is a work which will lie on the dissecting-table of many a scientific inquirer, and from which even advanced students may learn much. Dr. Carpenter is known as a very diligent compiler of physiological and zoological literature, most industrious in the composition of large books, which are so serviceable, that we think his professional brethren ought to recognise this industry in a less contemptuous tone than they often adopt, since Dr. Carpenter does for physiological literature in England what few care to attempt. The public at any rate rewards his industry—it buys his books. The public is so desirous of information in an accessible form, that it willingly overlooks the dead level of his style, his want of expository art, the feebleness of his reasoning, and many minor defects. Dr. Carpenter's books may be, and are, laborious to read; but they bring the newest discoveries and theories within the reach of a public which otherwise would not hear of them for ten or twenty years. His latest work, the one now before us, has all the good qualities which recommend his books on Human and Comparative Physiology, and we need not pause to point out its defects, having already indicated in a general way such as we feel called upon to notice.

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